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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## PROGRESS OF THE PRESS.

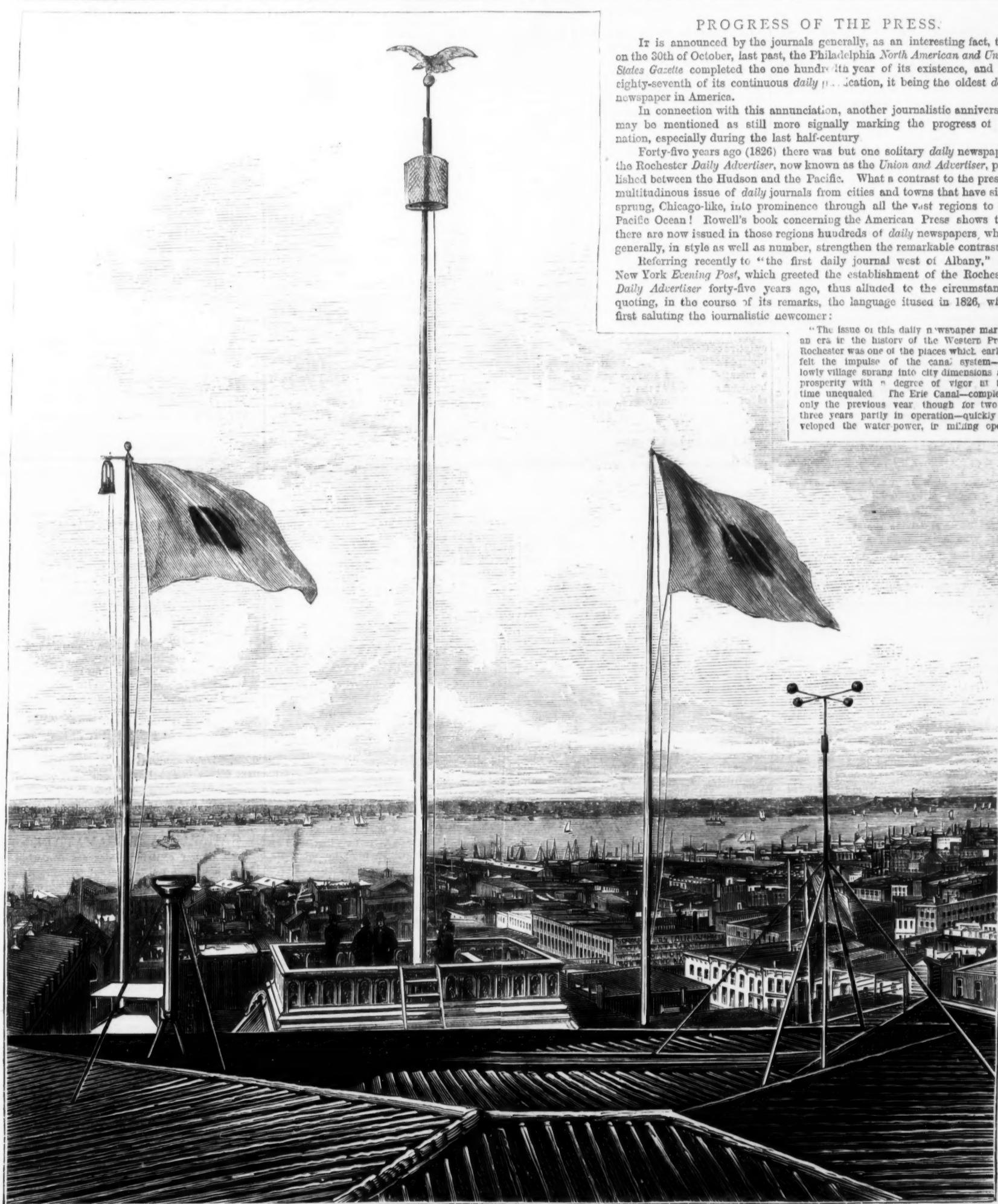
It is announced by the journals generally, as an interesting fact, that on the 30th of October, last past, the Philadelphia *North American* and *United States Gazette* completed the one hundredth year of its existence, and the eighty-seventh of its continuous *daily* publication, it being the oldest *daily* newspaper in America.

In connection with this annunciation, another journalistic anniversary may be mentioned as still more signally marking the progress of the nation, especially during the last half-century.

Forty-five years ago (1826) there was but one solitary *daily* newspaper, the Rochester *Daily Advertiser*, now known as the *Union and Advertiser*, published between the Hudson and the Pacific. What a contrast to the present multitudinous issue of *daily* journals from cities and towns that have since sprung, Chicago-like, into prominence through all the vast regions to the Pacific Ocean! Rowell's book concerning the American Press shows that there are now issued in those regions hundreds of *daily* newspapers, which generally, in style as well as number, strengthen the remarkable contrast.

Referring recently to "the first *daily* journal west of Albany," the *New York Evening Post*, which greeted the establishment of the Rochester *Daily Advertiser* forty-five years ago, thus alluded to the circumstance, quoting, in the course of its remarks, the language it used in 1826, when first saluting the journalistic newcomer:

"The issue of this *daily* newspaper marked an era in the history of the Western Press. Rochester was one of the places which earliest felt the impulse of the canal system—the lowly village sprang into city dimensions and prosperity with a degree of vigor at that time unequalled. The Erie Canal—completed only the previous year, though for two or three years partly in operation—quickly developed the water power, in mining opera-



NEW YORK CITY.—REPRESENTATION OF THE CAUTIONARY SIGNALS OF APPROACHING STORMS, NOW IN OPERATION AT NO. 120 BROADWAY.—SEE PAGE 147.

tions, which has rendered Rochester celebrated as the source of 'Genesee flour.' Entering early and largely into the forwarding business, the Rochester people for many years controlled the greatest portion of the vessels engaged in the canal trade, and exerted a strong influence on all questions concerning internal improvements. The advance of Rochester in some other respects was scarcely less remarkable, though the growth of Chicago and other places soon after threw it comparatively in the shade.

"Noticing the establishment of the *Daily Advertiser*, the *Evening Post* of October 31, 1820, said: 'Nothing can show, in a more striking point of view, the rapid increase of our population and internal commerce than the fact that Rochester, which within a few years was a wilderness, is now enabled, by the number of its inhabitants and the activity of its trade, to support a daily paper.' When I saw your place in 1810, without a house," said De Witt Clinton, writing to a friend in Rochester, "who would have thought that in 1826 it would have been the scene of such change?"

"In nothing is the 'change' more remarkable than in the history of the Press, since the Rochester *Daily Advertiser* was established. In 1823 the aggregate daily circulation of all the daily newspapers in America scarcely equalled the quantity of printed matter (considering the increased size of newspapers) now struck off in three hours by one of Hoe's ten-cylinder presses in some of the New York printing offices.

"The original publisher of the Rochester *Daily Advertiser* was Luther Tucker, and the editor Henry Omidy. The former is now, as he has been for thirty years, editor of the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*; the latter has been connected with the telegraph system since its commencement."

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## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1871.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

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### "NATIONAL" COMMERCIAL CONVENTIONS.

We Americans are a strictly gregarious people. We are prone beyond others to "eat, drink and be merry" in public. We worship, buy, sell—and especially do we talk—in crowds. When there is a public nuisance in the village, the tailor and the tinker "meet" over it. When there is a public grievance in the State, political tinkers forthwith assemble and talk about it. And when there is a public calamity in the country, a body of "grave and reverend," if not peculiarly "potent signors," forthwith "convene."

Convention is our patent national refuge-Talk, the great American catholicon. It is equally good in our political, our literary and our business world. Now, the present calamity that befalls the business world of America is that money is not made fast enough and easy enough. There is this advantage the political world has; its Rings cost less and pay better. But the business world, being governed by the same motive causes as its political twin, flies to Convention. When once in conclave assembled, the Commercial Convention proceeds to apply the great American catholicon. It talks! And it talks loud and long as its political ditto, if not so fast and furious. Let the doubting Thomas throw his fine eyes from Baltimore to Rochester, with a passing twinkle at Syracuse! Likewise, when the talking is over, the result is much the same in both cases; i.e., a few clear-headed and practical workers take the matter in their own hands, dam the current of talk (in a double sense), and effect the very little real good that results.

Since the war, commercial America has been eruptive of Conventions. They burst out most unexpectedly on the public surface, irritate it a moment, and are again absorbed into the business system. At the close of the late unpleasantness, the Business North ran its hands into its capacious pockets and missed the jingling of sundry dollars, erewhile drawn from cotton and sugar-cane. Thereupon the Business North itched most lovingly to embrace its Southern Brother; and as the S. B. longed, equally itching, to embrace the B. N., of course a Convention was the result. Several sporadic cases of the malady were visible at divers points; but the first chronic case—if we rightly remember—was reported, at Memphis, some three years ago. Since, with the regularity of "poison-oak," the eruption has broken out at New Orleans, Louisville, Baltimore—and where not? Now, these assemblages, doubtless, do some good—great good, perhaps. But this good is of a private, or, at best, of a local nature; and it is odd that they so solemnly assume the name of "National Conventions"; and that the hungry daily Press swallows them with the same untasting gulp that bolts a German war or a fresh infanticide. Delegates are sent to them from Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce and respectable corporate bodies. But "delegates" also go to them from manufacturing firms, land agencies, patent medicine dépôts, and even from city councils! Hence the commercial does become national in one sense; for it is a combination of public grievance, public nuisance and private calamity. The varied elements will conflict; the too many men will talk too much; and so the grave public interests are swept aside by the flood of petty private interests.

True, each Convention records spirited, if long-winded, resolutions to Congress, praying, asking and demanding generous aid to a dozen vital and instant undertakings. Without such aid, and instantaneous at that, the country is ruined beyond hope; and the country keeps getting ruined by each Convention. For, somehow, these resolutions seldom get as far as Washington; and when they do, our worthy legislators there know practically that "talk is cheap."

But there is another duty of these American Conventionists, co-existent and co-equal with the sacred duty of talk. It is the solemn duty to eat. As much conference maketh a ready man, so these gentle delegates are ever ready for a good square meal. Talk empties and enterprise fills them. We most solemnly believe that the edacious capacity of a National Commercial Convention is only equaled by the rapacious capacity of a Political Ring. After a late breakfast, a constant adjournment is moved, to take a lunch; and the national stills that are innocently sampled under disguise of foreign labels, is marvelous to see. Early adjournments to public dinners give time for private suppers; and at the small hours the genial delegate gropes unsteadily up to the fifth story, where the untold horrors of lobster salad sit dread upon him. When days of

talk and stuffing have left him pale and breathless; when titillating cocktails cease to revive his appetite, and unlimited soda-water to allay his bile—lo! a new resource is found in an excursion to view great public works or national defenses. Once upon the briny wave, the delegate becomes himself again. Nothing shall hinder him nor make him afraid, and he returns for more talk; more demands for millions by resolution; and above all, for more dinners, lunches, suppers; and, finally, that farewell banquet, where all talk at once, and where mutual admiration ladles the soup and hiccupps over the heel-taps.

But, seriously, the good done by these assemblages of business men from all parts of the country is two-fold. *Firstly*: They come in crowds and are followed by hosts of camp-followers, who have axes to grind. These all must live. They overflow the hotels and trifle dizzily into the boarding-houses, haunt the shops and drink oceans of whisky. Base is the slave who does not pay; baits are prepared and prices raised weeks beforehand; so a Convention is a godsend to a provincial town; for thousands of dollars are found as residuum when the muddle has cleared.

*Secondly*: Merchants from far-distant sections are thrown into personal contact, and into consequent interchange of views and of business cards. In this regard the meeting becomes a gigantic system of selling by sample—an Institute Fair, under the name of National Convention. Northern and Western Business opens its arms and takes in its Southern Brother. Its S. B. reclines upon its breast, and gets the worst jack-knife in the swap. The Convention becomes a tabernacle for worship of the god Greenback, whose litany is, "From Long Credits, from Protests and from Specie Payments, Good Lord deliver us!" Its apostles preach charity unto all men that buy heavily; and cursed be he who payeth his bill negligently!

But what the "great national" results are, that come from these Conventions, we pause to learn. They influence Congress and the Rings as little as do the "big talks" of Spotted Tail, or the "palaver" of the Gold Coast. If we err in this, we desire to be shown the twenty feet of water resolved over the Mississippi bars; the new levees moved and seconded so vigorously; those "direct steam-lines" to all the Southern ports carried nem. con.; or, that network of Pacific railways so eloquently laid by Hoosier Smith Brown, whose tail-pocket is full of wheat, and whose head is full of chaff, for the Southern Brother.

Call things by their right names, Northern Business! A spade is a spade, Southern Brother, if it turn up potatoes, or pearls. When you meet next time in a general and useless howl over the state of the country—and in a private and very paying interchange of cards—call the meeting something else than a "National Commercial Convention."

Then FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will not only give you its blessing, but an engraving of the most silent delegate among you.

### "UPON ALL PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES."

It is on this unhappy class that the pity of the Almighty is invoked whenever and wherever the Litany of the Episcopal Church is read. A cold formality generally, we fear, otherwise it is incredible that they who utter it and similar prayers with pious constancy year after year should ask the mercy of the Most High on distress that man himself is competent to remove. Perhaps the devout men who, centuries ago, composed the prayers and petitions of which this is part, whatever might be the evil lot of the prisoners and captives in their day, never imagined a state of society in which innocent men and women should be thrust into jails under pretense of furthering the ends of justice. In the ages we are pleased, with our assumed superiority, to call "dark," the forms of injustice were grievous enough, and Sterne's well-known description of the Prisoner makes us shudder as we reflect what must have been the condition of those unfortunate who preceded him, compared with whom his treatment was humane. Yet, even Sterne's picture would have had one additional feature of repulsiveness, if the wretch had been guiltless of crime, and was kept in prison till the man who had wronged him, or against whom he was witness, was ready to be tried.

We are far from asserting that the prisoners in the House of Detention are ill-treated. For aught we know (though it is a suspicious fact that our artists are denied admittance), they are as well cared for as any of our convicts. But they are, nevertheless, restrained of their liberty without due process of law and in defiance of the commonest principles of humanity. The alleged causes of their detention—a mild euphemism—we all know. The real reasons, we now venture to state, are, first, that they are poor and friendless. If they were not so, they could procure security for their appearance when wanted.

Another result of this friendless condition is, that there is no one to take their part, and insist on a repeal of the law by virtue of which they are imprisoned. It cannot be denied that there is a not unnatural dislike, among people who are in a general way ready to relieve the distressed, to interfere on behalf of those who are in the clutches of the law. Our good Samaritans shrink from no other form of misery, however repulsive. No haunts of wretchedness are beneath their succor. The widow, the orphan, the destitute of every clime and color, shower blessings on their noble charities. But it belongs to a higher order of courage to denounce the law—to insist that it is, in this case, at least, lawless—to proclaim its injustice and, as we firmly believe, its unconstitutionality. We are convinced that the very respect our citizens have for the law, and their unwillingness to interfere with its course, or to believe that it can be a terror to none but evil-doers, is the chief reason why this abuse of justice has not received the attention it deserved. One of the worst features of this "Detention" is, that it is hard to convince the public that a man can be shut up for months like a common felon, and be denied intercourse with his family or the means to support them, without having committed some crime. A stigma attaches to a long imprisonment which no protestations of innocence can remove; yet it is precisely this stigma we inflict on the innocent. It is not enough that he should be poor, that he should have been the unwilling witness of some crime, or the victim of some fraud; to crown his misfortunes we clap him into prison, where at least he may learn from experience the fate that awaits the criminal whom his evidence may convict.

Another of the real reasons for keeping witnesses in the House of Detention is, that the parties their evidence would convict may have an opportunity of tampering with them—in other words, effecting a compromise; and most especially is this true when the accused is a notorious politician. This is a grave charge, but the facts in our possession warrant the belief that such compromises are made, and that the offers of partial restitution of robberies, with the hopes of instant liberation from cruel confinement, are irresistible temptations to witnesses to consent to hush up the cases in which they are concerned.

We are told this House of Detention is a police regulation, and therefore must be endured. So much the worse for the police. Where are their regulations to end, if such barbarities as this are to be allowed? We have had quite enough of police—amateur and otherwise—trying to entrap prisoners into confessions, and if a little "gentle pressure" should be added, we do not see why its use could not be defended by a like plea of necessity.

If the forms of Justice are to be revered, the essential principles of Justice must be preserved. One of our rights is, that no man shall be restrained of his liberty without due process of law, and we hope we have not tried in vain to show how hideous a mockery of this right the House of Detention is.

The Ludlow Street Jail is an institution of a similar kind, in which debtors and contumacious witnesses were confined for indefinite periods. We are glad to write in the past tense, since Judge Barnard, having lately had his attention drawn to the abuses existing there, and directed a list to be made of the prisoners, their offenses, and the duration of their confinement, has ordered the release of several of them. We indulge a fervent hope that the next efforts of the learned Judge will be toward an amelioration of the fate of the victims imprisoned in the House of Detention.

### RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

SOME of our contemporaries are deplored the tendency to railway consolidation which is showing itself strongly and simultaneously in Great Britain and the United States, where railways have an independent status, and are not, in any great degree, under Government control, and where, as a rule, there is no legal restraint against their making such combinations and amalgamations as their interests may seem to dictate. The strongest and most plausible ground on which consolidation is opposed, is that of monopoly—a concentration of power in the hands of a few men, enabling them to disregard the public interest and convenience, and in the matter of fares and freights extort such charges as their own greed and whim may dictate. The popular theory undoubtedly is that the safeguard of the public lies in competition. Without stopping here to discuss this question, let us glance at the extent to which railway amalgamations have been, and are going on.

In England, the great London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire—the first, the most important of all the insular railways, and the latter only second in rank—have just been united. Of the colossal proportions of the capital represented by these roads, few have any adequate notion. It is officially reported at eighty-five millions of

pounds sterling, equal to \$425,000,000 gold! Besides which there are dependent, leased roads, with a capital of \$75,000,000—the whole capital practically wielded by a single corporation amounting to the enormous sum of Five Hundred Millions of Dollars! To Americans, however, the mileage represented by this gigantic capital seems relatively small, it being but 2,270 miles.

Now, the capital of the Bank of England is but \$70,000,000—capital, deposits and circulation together rarely exceeding three hundred or three hundred and fifty millions. Even the famous East India Company had a capital of only about \$60,000,000.

In our own country we find the New York and Harlem, the Hudson River and the New York Central, practically consolidated; and now we have the Pennsylvania Railway Company absorbing, not only all the New Jersey railways—the Delaware and Raritan, Camden and Amboy and New Jersey—but ramifying from New York Harbor, through six or seven States, across the great Plains, over the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific Slope, soon to reach the Pacific itself. The extent of road controlled by this omniverous combination cannot be much less than four thousand miles, and its capital must be measured by the hundred millions.

The alarm created by these aggregations is only feebly expressed in the columns of a leading daily contemporary, which says: "It is too much power to give to one corporation; it is creating a colossal interest which must overshadow all others that approach it in any spirit of healthy competition, and which is sure to make itself felt in the Legislature of each State in which it has ramifications."

Now, as we have said, the notion of the benefit of competition in all business has still so firm a hold on the public mind, that its abolition or diminution on so large a scale is anything but a welcome prospect to our citizens. The public, it is said, will be at the mercy of a huge tyrannical combination in the use of one of the most essential instruments of national wealth. What fares the combination pleases will be charged, and it will be practically absolute in the matter of facilities and accommodations. As far as railways are concerned, whatever may be said in favor of competition in ordinary business affairs—and everything may be said in its favor—we believe consolidation to be desirable. Every railway is, from the nature of the case, a monopoly great or small; and the question is, whether the public will not be better served by one monopoly than a dozen. Does any one remember the vexations changes of cars and baggage, and the other untold nuisances that beset the travelers going from Albany to Buffalo, before the petty railways between the two cities were amalgamated? And who cannot appreciate the relative comfort and freedom from annoyance, to say nothing of saving of time that is effected, in going, say from New York to Cincinnati, without a change of cars? It may be said that these conveniences, which have become necessities of traveling, may be effected by an understanding or agreement between different roads; but understandings are seldom lasting, and agreements are not always kept. A comparatively insignificant section of road may insist on an undue proportion of returns, and suspend or embarrass transit; or for any other reason stop or hinder the passage of "through trains." Better far, a single road, with uniform rules, uniform cars, and under a single management. Better, for economical reasons, pay one President and one Board of Directors than a dozen.

The nuisance to multiplied companies in adjusting through and connecting trains and interchanging traffic, is equally a nuisance to the public, only to be got rid of by amalgamation. To have our entire railway system worked as one, with tickets from every station to every other station, is so obvious a boon, that the amalgamations which give us an approximation to it, and tend to bring it about completely, are desirable as the next best. As to the public being at the mercy of the monopolists, that is an argument very easily dismissed. Practically it is nothing, for the public already suffer all the disadvantages of a monopoly, fares being as high and accommodation as limited as if sham competition did not exist; but the monopoly besides is of a sort which could not inflict permanent injury, because it is peculiarly under legislative control, and is likely to inflict least injury when concentrated and made visible, because it will then attract more attention and be more afraid of giving offense. No one really dreams for a moment that railways will do as they like, even with the most absolute security against competition. Their business would become indefinitely more profitable, as it is doing every day, with the natural growth of the country; but they would fear to show excessive profits, would lower fares and increase public accommodation not to let them rise too fast, would evade in every way the risk of public odium. The directors and the officials would equally have an interest in their public repute, would be peculiarly sensitive to public opinion as

Government officials now are, and could not, if they would, conduct their business on the principle of a vigorous and legally-protected monopoly. At the worst, the true remedy for the evils apprehended from exclusive monopoly is not competition, but an improvement in the form of public control.

"AN ENGLISH TRAVELER" writing from Salt Lake City, speculates and vaticinates as follows:

"I am inclined to think the end will come quietly; that Brigham Young will be superseded as Governor, and shelved; that polygamy will be put down, so far as concerns the public marrying of several women to one man, or the open maintenance of the doctrine; and that in other respects Mormonism will be allowed to go its own way. In some respects, as, for instance, in its strong discipline, its glorification of manual labor, and its scorn for popular religious phraseology, it meets certain real wants which a few at least are always likely to feel. There are men who like to be governed, to be worshipped for in a service they do not take part in, and to follow the guidance of a prophet, accredited by his works. There are men who think, with Brigham Young, that a man is all the better preacher if he works at tent-making or follows the plow during the week, and stands up on Sunday to speak as the Spirit guides him. And there are many who are keenly alive to those absurdities of the so-called religious world from which educated men in general recoil. I have seldom met with a better expression of this feeling than in a poem entitled 'The Deacon's Prayer,' which appeared in the Salt Lake *Daily Herald* of Sunday. It describes how the deacon rose up to pray in the evening meeting:

'First came the long preamble—  
If Peter had opened so,  
He had been, ere the Lord his prayer had heard,  
Full fifty fathoms below.  
Then a volume of information,  
Poured forth as if to the Lord,  
Concerning His ways and attributes,  
And the things by Him abhorred.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Twas the regular evening meeting,  
And the regular prayers were made,  
But the listening angel told the Lord  
That only the silent prayed.'

WE find in the London scientific Journal, *Nature*, for last month, the following notes from our countryman, Mr. E. G. Squier:

"In the summary of the proceedings of the late meeting of the British Association, in the issue of *Nature* for August 31st, is an abstract of a paper by Captain L. Brine, R. N., 'On the Ruined Cities of Central America.' The gallant captain is wrong in stating that the existence of these ruined cities was unknown until within a comparatively recent period. All the early chronicles abound in allusions to them—Remesal, Vasquez, Cogolludo, Villagutierrez, Juarez, and others. Uxmal and Chichen Itza, which Captain Brine speaks of as 'discoveries,' were undoubtedly occupied places at the time Grijalva touched the shores of Yucatan. Copan, although then a ruin, was visited and minutely described by Dr. Palacios as long ago as 1576. Captain Brine would lead us to infer that these remains have been 'discovered' since the expedition of Del Rio to Palenque in 1787. That these ruined cities were built by the progenitors of the various families of the Tzotzil or Maya stock found in Central America at the time of the discovery, and who are still there, and that many of them were then occupied and flourishing, does not admit of doubt—it is capable of demonstration. Big-eyed Wonder should be eliminated from modern speculation!"

#### NILSSON IN ITALIAN OPERA.

During the last few days, Mademoiselle Nilsson has made her *début* in opera in the United States, and her reception on her first appearance was as unqualifiedly enthusiastic as her continuous success has been triumphant.

Up to Friday evening of last week—that evening included—she appeared in four operas, in every one of which her success was marked and genuine, although, to the critical mind, it varied in perceptible degree. These operas were "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Martha," "Traviata," "Faust" and "Don Giovanni"—each opera by a different composer, and requiring in the execution of their music a different grasp of intelligence on the part of the artist.

Great as Mademoiselle Nilsson had proved herself in the Concert Room, we conceive that her full standing as an artist had never been accorded her until she was heard upon the lyric stage.

The operas in which she most decidedly showed her capability as a vocal actress were "Lucia" and "Traviata." Next follow "Faust" and "Martha." Last comes "Don Giovanni."

When she last year came before us at Steinway Hall, it was very generally conceded, even by her warmest admirers, from a few specimens of her dramatic power which she was unable to refrain from exhibiting even on the stage of a concert-room—more especially in the scene from "Hamlet" than in any other, perhaps—that her legitimate field must be in opera. And when for the first time we saw her fine realization of "Lucia," with its wondrously intense yet delicate tragedy, we felt that this opinion was right. More especially was this forced upon us by her exquisite rendering of "Traviata," which was the best lyric reading of the character of Young Dumas's "Camille" we have ever seen. It would be superfluous on our part to point out its vocal excellence. She displayed the same intelligent expression and the same agile dextrous execution which she had done in the Saloon. We ourselves have fully discussed her merits as a singer, and they were perhaps more widely reviewed in the daily Press than has ever been done with any soprano, since the time in which her countrywoman, Jenny Lind, made her marvelous "progress" through the States. This year the Press, in speaking of her powers as a vocalist, can do little more than repeat its previous estimate.

There is, however, a wide difference between the rare flashes of histrionic ability which she permitted in Steinway Hall to suggest her capacity as a lyric actress, and the full measure in which it is now revealed to us.

The wonderful delicacy and graceful renunciation of self for her lover in "Traviata" were so thrillingly real, that they led us irresistibly on with her to the *dénouement*. We knew that it was not alone consumption which was killing her, but her heart, which was breaking beneath its suffering, and never have we seen the tragic termination of the opera rendered with a more deep and powerfully dramatic intensity. For the first time on the lyric stage, we saw the "Traviata" as she had originally been drawn by the author of "Camille"—a creation that, although frail and fallen, a man might still love, and who had in

her heart sufficient of its original purity still remaining, to sacrifice its own happiness and even her life for him whose worldly welfare these must have. A palpably injured, and whom she so selflessly adored. If we speak more thoroughly of this than we do of the *Lucia*, it is not that we consider the latter character one whit less ably portrayed, but simply that we have seen other *Lucias* almost, if not as finely, rendered. Never even on the purely dramatic stage have we seen so admirably a *Carrie*. Her *Martha* did not, of course, call for the same histrionic power. It was, however, acted with a naive humor and a lady-like propriety worthy of the artist. However, in "Faust," Mademoiselle Nilsson displayed, from some cause or other, a degree of coldness for which we were unprepared. This may have arisen from illness, but as she has not at any time this season sung more exquisitely, we can scarcely fancy this was the fact. Possibly, on Monday evening, when she again repeats the heroine, we may have it in our power to rate the character differently. At all events, we now record it, in conjunction with our opinion, that no lyric artist who has ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic has produced so enthusiastically favorable a judgment as she has, during the first two weeks of the season, done—largely exceeding even that of the period when Italian Opera first made its appearance on our shores, in anything approaching the requisite form to make it a complete success, and almost equaling the *Lind furor* on that singer's advent to the United States.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Python and Boa at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

This illustration represents an actual occurrence of recent date. It was dinner-time in the reptile-house, and a rabbit encircled in the folds of a boa had just uttered its last squeak. Then the boa began to swallow his prey, but before it had entirely disappeared down his maw, a python shot forth, moving swiftly round a glass shade placed in the centre of the cage, seized on the half-engulfed rabbit, and not only swallowed it, but the boa also, all but a few inches of its tail. A keeper named Holland, being immediately summoned, boldly seized the python and forced him to disgorge, though not without receiving some severe bites. He accomplished this difficult operation thus: seizing the python behind the head, he shook it till about a foot of the boa's tail projected from its mouth. He then threw the python down, whereupon it opened its mouth of its own accord, and helped its comrade to wriggle out. The boa's tail quivered violently and the python pulled back like a mad thing, lashing about in every direction with its tail. Meanwhile, Holland swiftly hauled out the boa, blinding the angry python by clapping his cap over its head. The whole affair was over in less time than it takes to tell it. The boa, which is about six feet long, has since seemed little the worse for his temporary imprisonment.

##### The Trinkhalle and Spa at Homburg.

The scene represented shows the aspect and attire of the crowd frequenting the Trinkhalle, or Pump-room of Homburg. Here are the young and old, the refined and vulgar, the strong and sickly, but not the poor; for this is no healing Pool of Siloam for those most in need of relief and least able to pay for it. Invalids in quest of a restorative for their impaired health are in the habit of attending the spa for their daily draught of the medicinal water an hour before breakfast every morning. It is probable, however, that the change of air, the change of scene, the simpler habits of life (if people are wise), the early rising and retiring, exercise and the lighter fare of the Continental cuisine, may do them as much good as the alkali, the sulphate, or whatever other chemical ingredient is perceptible in the mineral waters of the place.

##### Permanent Commission of the National Assembly in Session.

Our engraving represents a session of this Commission, at Versailles, in the magnificent saloon of Louis XIV. The term applied to this body by the Press is "Commission de Permanence," but its proper title, as used by President Thiers in his official communications, is "Commission de Prorogation," deriving that name from the fact that the Commission, which is composed of members of the National Assembly, continues its labor after the Assembly itself has been prorogued.

##### The Communist Prisoners Bathing at Versailles.

The party now in authority in France, remembering the old adage, that cleanliness is next to godliness, sometimes indulge their prisoners in the luxury of a swimming-bath, probably upon the theory that if their savage foes cannot be made godly, they can at least be made clean. In this healthy diversion, as is evident from our illustration, considerable latitude is allowed to the prisoners, the only restriction upon their movements being the presence of a numerous armed guard, stationed in such manner as to render any attempt at escape dangerous, if not impossible.

##### The Universal Carrier.

These two engravings represent an invention of Mr. Henry Corbin, an American now domiciled in France, which is especially adapted to saving the labor both of men and animals in the carriage of farm produce. It is, in fact, a portable railway, differing from the ordinary kind in being made up of a series of movable frames in the form of ladders, which are laid upon the surface of the ground, instead of being imbedded in it. Small platform-cars, having wheels adapted to the rails on these frames, are so constructed as to be capable either of carrying the produce in bulk, as in the case of the sugar-cane, or of transporting a number of baskets, as in the case of cider-apples—each of these methods being represented in our illustration.

##### Prussian Soldiers Selling their Spoils.

This engraving represents an interesting incident of the late war between France and Prussia. The victorious army being on the eve of evacuating one of the Departments of France, some of the more thrifty of the conquerors concluded to turn an honest penny by disposing, for cash, of their surplus effects. These effects, as may be seen in the illustration, comprise not only clothing and such material as is usually found in a camp, but clocks surmounted by bronze figures, ornamented candlesticks, and articles of *virtu* which have probably at no distant date formed part of the decorations of some Parisian *salon*.

##### Great Equinoctial Storm—The Hurricane at Porne, France.

The little sea-port town of Porne, on the Bay of Bourgneuf, is frequented by numerous visitors for its chalybeate springs and for sea-bathing. It was visited on the 27th of September last by one of the fearful storms which are common at that period of the year, and which made great havoc among the shipping in the harbor, and caused considerable damage to the buildings in the town. Our engraving represents the hurricane at its height.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE Prince of Wales has subscribed \$1,300 toward the Chicago Relief Fund.

A MAN in Memphis bought five hundred tickets, at \$2 each, in a church fair, and drew two \$5 prizes.

"OLD CROW" is a Columbus, Ga., drink—so-called, perhaps, on account of its being the *cares* of much drunkenness.

A BENEVOLENT man down South takes care that no hungry beggar shall leave his door without a bite—by keeping a cross mastiff.

A PENNSYLVANIA firm has just shipped forty-one cases of school slates to Japan—another evidence of the growing popularity of American ideas.

ELEVEN Kentucky brothers are blessed with seventy-four twin children, besides uncounted singles. The best "individual score" is seven doubles and five singles.

A LADY, who was one hundred years old, died the other day, near Tipton, Ia., from the effects of over-exertion in carrying a sack of flour on her shoulders about a mile.

Of the twelve hundred living persons in Pioche, Nevada, six hundred have been in State Prison, and of the eleven dead bodies in the cemetery, two died of natural causes.

THE Mayor of Lexington, Ky., and many of his subordinates, have been arrested on an indictment for felony found in the United States District Court, the charge being complicity in the late election riot in that city.

THE San Francisco Heathen Chinese contributed "thirteen hundred dollars" for Chicago. Another reason why they should be mobbed and murdered, and their plundered of their personal effects, according to the recent Los Angeles example.

ISMAYL PASHA, the Viceroy of Egypt, proposes to open schools for women in his country, and says they shall no longer be obliged to wear veils. Vail dictum will probably be followed by one transforming the Pyramids into weather signal stations.

LILLIE PECKHAM, the young advocate of woman suffrage out West, recently died in Milwaukee from the effects of a Russian bath. She was formerly connected editorially with a Toledo paper, and had lately been called to the pastorate of the Unitarian church in Iowa.

"OLD BETS," a Dakotah squaw, seventy-three years of age, who was very celebrated in the annals of Minnesota history, died near St. Paul a few days ago. Her testimony convicting thirty-nine murderers, who were hung at Mankato in 1862, was the greatest *squaw* ever seen in the territory.

A LETTER received at the White House October 23d, from Ex-Commissioner Capron, dated at Yedo, announces the safe arrival of himself and Profs. Antizell and Pierce, and their inauguration as officials under the Japanese Government. They were tendered a grand banquet, and assigned quarters in a palace. The ex-officials seemed pleased with the country, and their position under the Mikado.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. ARTHUR MATTHISON, who has made a hit at Booth's as *Harry Bertram*, is engaged for the St. James' Theatre, commencing November 20th.

THE Florences are flourishing with Falconer's drama of "Eileen Oge" at the Grand Opera House, being in the sixth week of good houses and general approbation.

"SOTHERN and a full treasury!" is still the cry at Niblo's. *Dundreary* carries all before him, and society generally is studying out the great problem of "wagging its left ear!"

SUNDAY concerts have been started again at Steinway Hall, under the able direction of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and are proving specially attractive to our German population.

THE "Busbody," with Miss Flessy Mardon, John Brougham, Gilbert, and Charles Mathews, is the enlivening dramatic dish Wallack offers to his patrons, who numerously flock to the feast.

A VERY clever boy, Percy Roselle, is playing at Wood's Museum, and attracting large audiences, by his really remarkable powers as an actor, in an effective drama called "The Boy Detective."

THE St. James' Theatre is prospering under McElroy's able management, and seems likely to do so. We hear of a comedy and burlesque company for this bright little theatre, under the management of Miss Anna Lonsdale.

TAGLIONI has prepared for the Court Theatre, in Berlin, a grand allegorical ballet illustrating the late campaign. Three hundred young virgins of Berlin are to appear in the uniform of Bismarck's White Cuirassiers.

ON DUTY: that the great Strauss is coming to the United States this Fall with his celebrated orchestra of sixty-two musicians, to make a tour through the country. *Straws show* which way the wind of popularity blows.

MRS. EMMA WALLER opened the Troy Opera House on Monday, the 30th of October, to a full and enthusiastic audience, and there is every promise of a prosperous season under the management of this accomplished actress and clever directress.

THE Abbé Liszt, the great master of the piano and eminent musical composer, has just been granted letters of nobility and a pension of six thousand florins (\$3,000), by the Hungarian Government, and will live here after alternately at Weimar and Pest.

RISTORI is to make her first professional visit next month to the Danubian Principalities, having received very liberal offers to play engagements at Bucharest, Galatz, Belgrade and Odessa. She thinks of making her appearance also in Athens and Constantinople.

FASHION has fallen down at the operatic feet of Nilsson, and superb toilets, spotlessly white ties, and faultless dress-coats, worship at her Scandinavian shrine, and glorify the auditorium of the Academy nightly. "*Ervita La Nilsson!*" cries the delighted Strakosch.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" with its host of attractions, is still the *Clytie* bill, and still the public come, great ho-ses being the rule, and nothing the exception. So, there is naught to take exception to in the smooth performance of this most attractive of *automomes*.

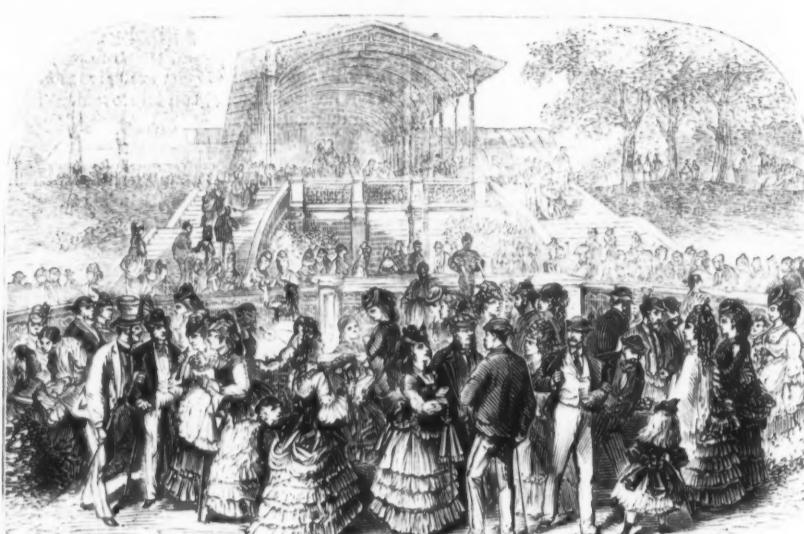
WACHTEL the lively, Wachtel the robust, Wachtel the tireless, Wachtel the reverberant, Wachtel of the high C—but by no means icy—is drawing the largest audiences known to the Stadt Theatre, for so many nights successively, and will be a sure managerial card for the country generally.

SANTLEY is acknowledged by the entire country to be the most perfect oratorio singer heard in this country, his nobly perfect rendering of the great rôle of *Elijah</*

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



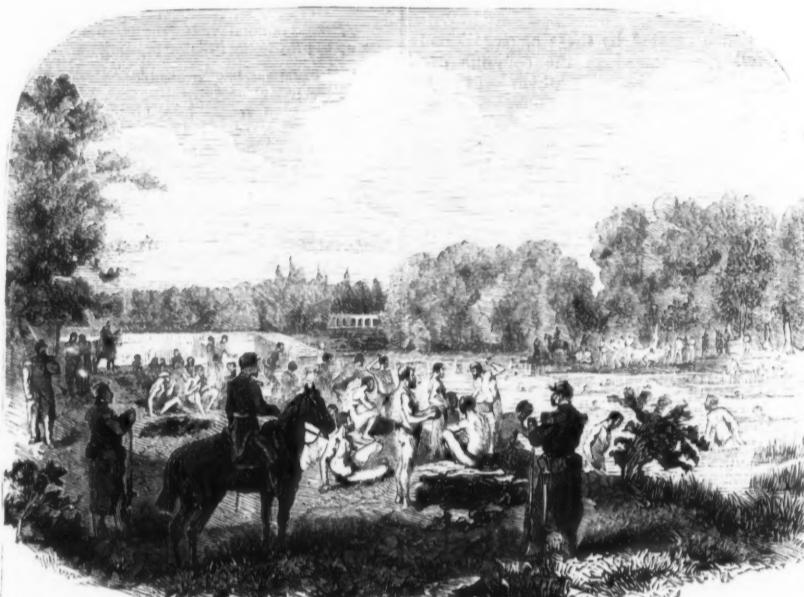
ENGLAND.—THE PYTHON SWALLOWING THE BOA, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, LONDON.



GERMANY.—THE TRINKHALLE AND SPA AT HOMBURG.



FRANCE.—PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS DISPOSING OF THEIR EFFECTS AND SPOILS.



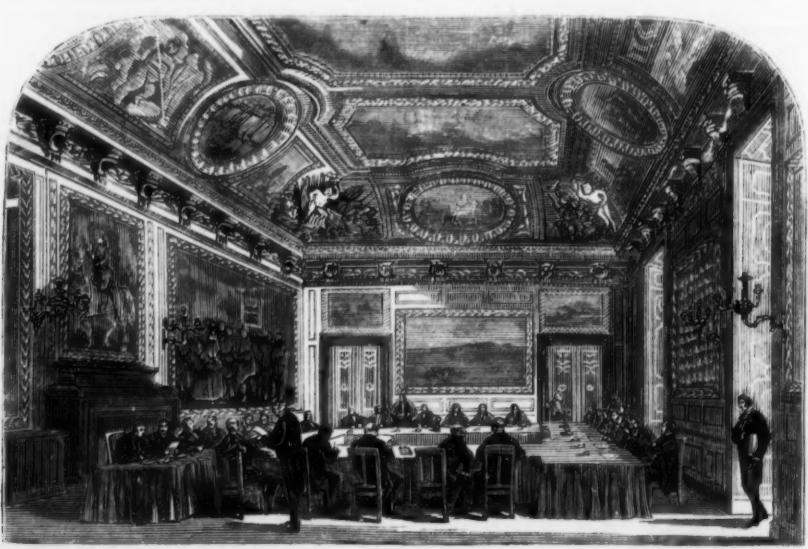
FRANCE.—THE COMMUNIST PRISONERS AT A SWIMMING-BATH.



FRANCE.—THE UNIVERSAL CARRIER APPLIED TO THE TRANSPORTATION OF SUGAR-CANE.



FRANCE.—THE UNIVERSAL CARRIER APPLIED TO THE TRANSPORTATION OF CIDER-APPLES.



FRANCE.—A SESSION OF THE PERMANENT COMMISSION AT VERSAILLES.



FRANCE.—TERRIFIC STORM AT FORNIC BAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1871.

## THE SCHOONER "E. A. HORTON."

The particulars of the seizure of the schooner *E. A. Horton* by the Canadian authorities for an alleged violation of the fishery laws, and her subsequent recapture, are still fresh in the minds of our readers. For many days great excitement prevailed in the vicinity of Cape Ann, Boston, and Gloucester, Mass., and Portland, Me., in consequence of a report that British gunboats were cruising off shore in search of the recaptured schooner.

Several United States vessels were ordered from the Boston Navy Yard to go likewise in search of the *Horton*, and prevent her second seizure by the Canadians. On Wednesday evening, October 18th, the schooner arrived at Cape Ann, and the particulars of her recapture at Guysboro', Canada, by Captain Harvey Knowlton, Jr., and a party of Yankee fishermen, were received.

Sunday night, October 8th, was the time set for the recapture of the vessel. At half-past nine o'clock it was bright starlight, and a favorable northwest breeze blowing. The captain and six men left their hiding-place and boldly walked into Guysboro', a distance of six miles, and were fortunate enough not to meet any person on their way. They arrived at the centre of the town just as the clock on the church-steeple pealed fourth the hour of eleven. Observing some lights yet burning in the houses, they waited quietly until these were extinguished, and then proceeded to the wharf. They were not long in putting themselves inside the building which contained the *Horton's* sails, rigging, etc. These they took charge of, and soon had them on board the vessel. Finding they had made some mistake in the sails, having got some belonging to another vessel, they were obliged to return, which caused a vexatious delay. It could not be helped, however. The vessel was aground, but the tide was coming in; her sails and rigging were quickly bent, and all was ready for starting at one o'clock. The suspense

was awful, as the appearance of any person on the wharf, to raise an alarm, would defeat the entire plan. Fortune favors the brave, however, and it would have been a big fight if the captain and his men had been opposed at this point of their proceedings. All was ready, but it was found that the craft was yet aground. Time was precious now! A warp was got out and the vessel was hove astern. At half-past two the joyful fact that she floated clear was announced, and her bow was at once pointed toward more congenial quarters.

The captain had made up his mind that the vessel should not be retaken, and in case an English cruiser molested her, preparations were all ready to burn the ship. The course was continued across the southeast part of George's Banks, and then direct for Cape Ann, which was reached as above stated. The passage was made without any charts or nautical instruments, with the exception of the compass, the captain relying entirely on his own judgment in shaping his course.

Captain Knowlton proved himself an efficient person for such an undertaking, and he and his crew are entitled to the thanks of every fishing owner and fisherman in New England, as well as all others interested in the business, for their persistency in getting possession of this vessel, which it is hoped will awaken the Government to the necessity of taking prompt action in settling the vexed question of the fisheries. This branch of industry is an important one, and needs at this time the active sympathy and protection of the officials at Washington.

## LOOKING FOR STORMS.

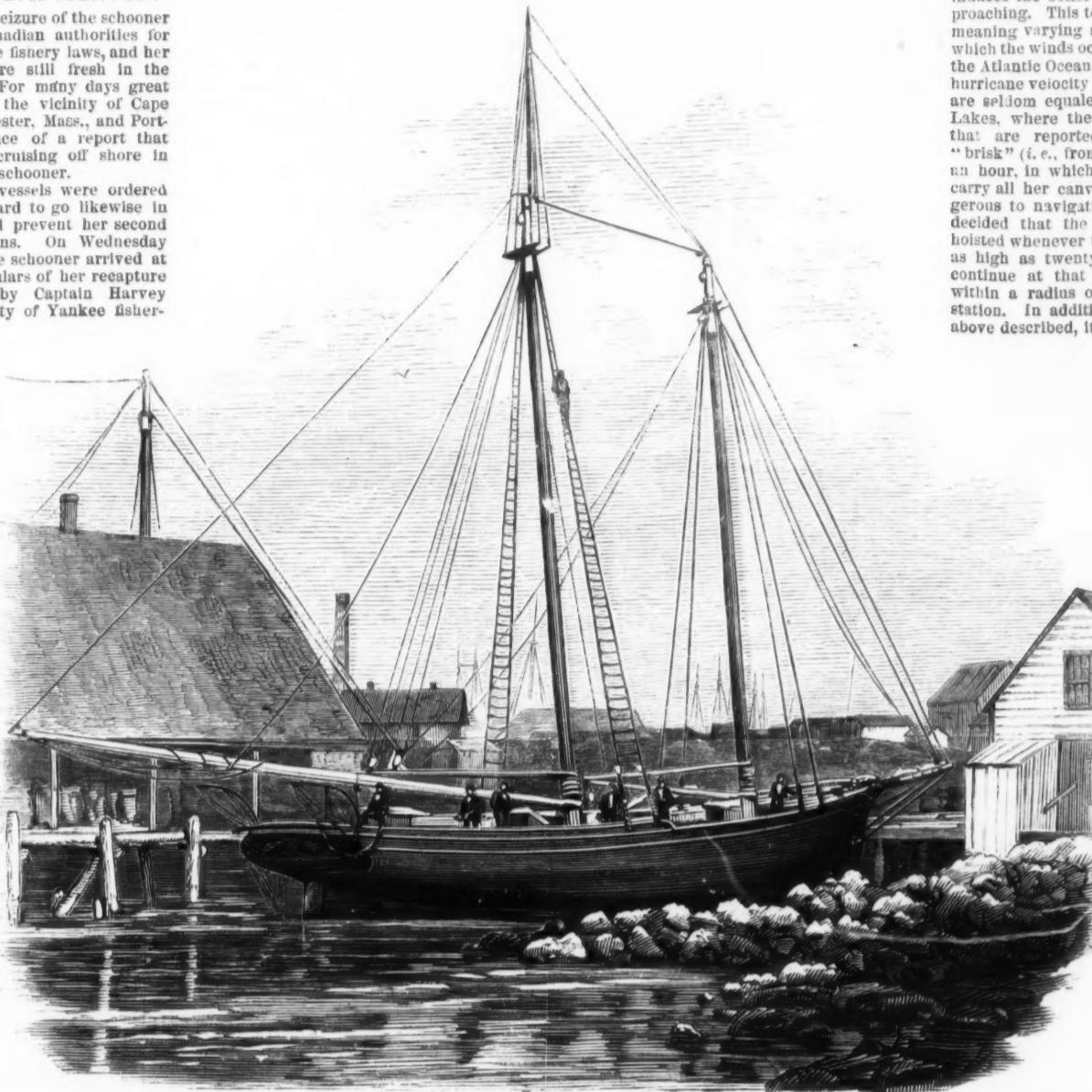
The signal service of the United States has already proved of incalculable value to our shipping interests. The accuracy of the weather predictions has long been a subject of commendable remark, and the system of telegraphy has enabled those engaged in marine pursuits to study the storm probabilities, at all points of the country, in such a way as to avoid disastrous tempests. To the already comprehensive system has recently been added what is denominated as the "cautionary storm signals," which impart to the mariner, merchant and agriculturalist the fullest information of prospective gales.

The Chief Signal Officer gives the following explanation of the new feature:

The cautionary signal of the Signal Service, United States army—a red flag with black square in the centre by day, and a red light by night—displayed at the office of the observer, and other prominent places throughout any city, signifies:

*First.* That, from the information had at the central office in Washington, a probability of stormy or dangerous weather has been deduced for the port or place at which the cautionary signal is displayed, or in that vicinity.

*Second.* That the danger appears to be so



THE AMERICAN SCHOONER "E. A. HORTON," RECENTLY CUT OUT FROM THE CANADIAN PORT OF GUYSBORO' BY MASSACHUSETTS FISHERMEN.

great as to demand precaution on the part of navigators and others interested—such as an examination of vessels or other structures to be endangered by a storm, the inspection of crews, rigging, etc., and general preparation for rough weather.

*Third.* It calls for frequent examination of local barometers and other instruments by

ship-captains, or others interested, and the study of local signs of the weather, as clouds, etc., etc. By this means those who are expert may often be confirmed as to the need of the precaution to which the cautionary signals call attention, or may determine that the danger is over-estimated or past.

The red flag, or red light, is displayed when

the information in the possession of the office induces the belief that dangerous winds are approaching. This term "dangerous winds," has a meaning varying somewhat with the locality in which the winds occur. Thus, the severe gales of the Atlantic Ocean, which sometimes attain the hurricane velocity of 50, 60, or 70 miles an hour, are seldom equalled on the Lakes. But on the Lakes, where the sea-room is limited, winds that are reported from the Lake coast as "brisk" (*i.e.*, from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour, in which a ship on the ocean would carry all her canvas), frequently become dangerous to navigation. It has, therefore, been decided that the cautionary signal shall be hoisted whenever the winds are expected to be as high as twenty-five miles an hour, and to continue at that velocity for several hours within a radius of one hundred miles of the station. In addition to the cautionary signal above described, it is proposed to furnish daily to the Press a list of all the ports at which they have been ordered to be displayed.

Each signal, as now used, is expected to hold good for the space of eight hours from the time at which it was hoisted. When no signal is displayed it indicates that the office has no knowledge of any approaching danger sufficient to justify the issue of a storm warning. But as this is not only the case when no danger exists, but also may be the consequence of the failure of the telegraphic connection of the central office at Washington with outlying stations, the absence of the cautionary signal should not lead the mariner to relax his watchfulness of the weather, nor to neglect to obtain the latest and fullest information from the station observers at the port in which he may be, and elsewhere.

It seems astonishing that anything so subtle and fickle as the direction of the wind should be capable of being foretold and mapped out with all the accuracy of a tangible and existing object; but science is rapidly putting even this power into the hands of man, and very soon,

although we cannot control the elements, we shall at least be able to be so forewarned of their intended doings as to place ourselves beyond reach of harm from them.

The Signal Station for the port of New York is established on the roof of the building No. 120 Broadway. The apparatus is very simple. At the centre of the roof is an elevated room constructed with iron slats after the fashion of window-blinds, within which is a similar apartment of wood. On a shelf are adjusted the various glasses for marking the temperature and force of wind. These instruments are consulted at regular hours, by the observer, and the general office at Washington notified by telegraph of the result. Beside the glasses within the observatory, there are upon the roof an anemometer, connected with a register below, a vane for ascertaining the direction of the wind, and an indicator of the depth of the rain-falls. From the accumulated reports, the "probabilities" are made up and flashed to all parts of the country.

Over the facade of the building on Broadway are three flag-staves, the central one being for the display of a cylindrical gauze signal, and the others for the cautionary flag and lantern.

From the altitude of the staves, the signals may be distinguished from a great distance. It is probable that another station will be established at Sandy Hook during the Winter and Spring. The New York office is under charge of Mr. C. R. Estabrook, assisted by Mr. A. W. Eastlake.

## PRINCE GALITZIN.

The music-loving portion of our community have in prospect an unusually attractive treat, the interest of which will be enhanced by the visit of H. I. H. the Grand Duke Alexis.

Russia sends a member of her Imperial family to our far-away country to be the recipient of Yankee hospitalities, and her noble composer, to celebrate his arrival with the music of his native land.

Prince George Nicholas Galitzin, the celebrated Russian artist and composer, who is now awaiting the Grand Duke's arrival in New York, is descended from one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the great Northern Empire.

Manifesting at an early age an intense passion for music, he devoted himself to its study and practice with the heartiest fervor. Finding the duties expected from one of his aristocratic position too oppressive for the healthy growth of his high art, he sacrificed his princely offices on the altar of his passion, and has now attained the highest musical rank in Russia. His compositions bear a charm and delicacy that make them popular from the start; and we doubt if there is a person living more competent than he to interpret the grand old operas of Russia, which have been received with delight by the different nations of Europe.



PRINCE GEORGE NICHOLAS GALITZIN, THE CELEBRATED RUSSIAN MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER.

Besides favoring the public with some of his choicest compositions, Prince Gaitzin will, with the assistance of his popular orchestra, offer us an opportunity of listening to Glinka's classical opera "Life for the Czar," and the favorite gems of Séroff.

These have charmed the highest musical circles of the Old World. The noble composer enjoys the esteem of the reigning families of Europe, while his efforts to interpret his beautiful art have rendered him a musical favorite wherever he has gratified the public with his presence.

## EYES.

OUR acts and words admit control,  
But who can mold in sure disguise  
Those mystic beacons of the soul,  
The might and truth-revealing eyes?  
The brow may scowl, though pleased or glad;  
The lips may give a false caress;  
The mouth may smile though grieved and sad;  
And hands of foes may meet and press,  
Soft words oft flow where ills are done,  
And oft the thoughtless mental face  
Surmounts the garb of mourning, spun  
A deep and lasting grief to trace.  
And even lids may curve and droop.  
Though sleeping not the watchful brain;  
And mingling in the joyful group,  
We meet a heart oppressed with pain,  
But who within that shining space  
Implants a light or shade untrue?  
For, pictured from the soul, we trace  
Each feeling, in the varied hue—  
The gloom of woe; joy's sunny beam;  
The light of hope; dark anger's blaze,  
And e'en deception's own false gleam,  
The all-revealing eye displays.  
In vain shall envy, hate, or pride,  
Or aught of ill its workings vail,  
Whene'er within the heart they glide,  
Disguise is but a sheiter frail.  
If love comes wreathed in thorny fears,  
Beneath the loved one's silken lash,  
Go read thy fate, if naught appears  
Of love's unequalled radiant flash.  
Dark orbs of black! bright orbs of blue!  
In raptures oft is sung your praise;  
But peerless is the eye whose hue  
Is blended in sweet virtue's rays.

THE WHITE SPECTRE;  
OR,  
THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE PLACE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

## CHAPTER VIII.—A BAFFLING MYSTERY.

LEFT to himself, Major Le Noir recovered his composure in a surprisingly brief space of time. His unwelcome visitor had betrayed a knowledge of his past peccadilles that both amazed and alarmed him. It was unpleasant, not to say embarrassing, to feel that his sins of commission were so well known. But that fact was no reason why he should lose his wits, and so make the matter ten times worse than it need be.

Mr. Walter Marston had barely closed the house-door when the major ran into the hall to look after his retreating figure. Why he should wish to watch him as he moved away was best known to the major himself. He had just stationed himself before one of the hall-windows that commanded a view of the avenue, when he was startled by the sound of a fierce, hurried breathing at his side.

He turned sharply round, and found himself face to face with Mrs. Ingestre.

She was pale, she was trembling. She looked up at him with a wild light in her blue eyes. She spoke to him in a voice of impassioned earnestness.

"Gustave, who is that man that went away just now?"

"Walter Marston."

"I know," speaking short and sharp, and twisting her jeweled fingers nervously. "He called himself Walter Marston. But that isn't his name. What is?"

"I don't know."

He turned thoughtfully to the window again, watching the figure moving slowly down the avenue. "I don't know the man's true name," he repeated, after moment's thinking, "but I would give half I am worth to find it out."

"You have seen him before?"

"I think so. At any rate, he has seen me, which amounts to pretty much the same thing."

"Of course," answered Mrs. Ingestre, absently.

"You were listening at the door?"

"Yes. To tell the truth, I saw the gentleman pass through the hall, and was curious to learn what business he could have with you."

"To be sure."

If the major's reply was delivered in a slightly sarcastic tone, Mrs. Ingestre took no notice of it.

"He is Madeline's friend," she said, after a slight pause.

"So it appears."

"And at least suspects the cause of my husband's death?" sinking her voice to a whisper.

"Yes."

Mrs. Ingestre left him, and began to pace along the hall. For some moments no sound was to be heard save her rapid breathing and the rustle of her dress as she moved about. Finally she came back again, pausing beside Le Noir.

"Gustave," she said, harshly, "this man who goes under the alias of Walter Marston knows more of your secrets than you care to have known!"

"Madame, he does," was the cool reply.

"I thought so from what I overheard, Gustave," kissing the words between her close-set teeth, while her face changed to that of a beauti-

ful fury. "Gustave, why don't you put him out of the way?"

The major turned his bright eyes lazily upon her face. "Murder him, do you mean?"

"Hush. Why not? Your safety and mine both demand it."

"They do."

Mr. Walter Marston was now out of sight, and Le Noir left the window. He turned away no wiser than when he had taken his station there.

"Lydia," he said, as he moved along the hall by Mrs. Ingestre's side, "why have you conceived such a violent dislike for my recent visitor?" Is it because he is shrewd enough to see through the masks you and I wear?"

She hesitated. "No," she returned, presently, "it is not wholly that. While he was talking with you in the morning-room, I could not see his face, of course. But the sound of his voice came to my ears very distinctly."

"Yes."

"It is a voice I have heard a thousand times before!"

"Whose?"

"Don't ask me," repressing a shiver. "I cannot answer the question to my own satisfaction, even. But I am sure, for all that, the voice is as familiar to my ears as your own."

"That is strange," commented Le Noir.

"I never heard of a Walter Marston until Madeline made mention of his name. Therefore I am satisfied this man has presented himself to you under an alias."

"My opinion exactly."

The major left her with these words. He wanted time to reflect upon the enigma that had been thrust upon him—to solve this question of identity, if possible.

Another surprise was in store for him. He left the house for a quiet turn upon the veranda. Before he had accomplished more than half the circuit, old Betty pushed her head out of the dining-room window and spoke his name.

"Gustave," she called, in a whisper.

He scowled savagely. "Peace, woman!" and he lifted his hand in a warning gesture. "Have you no prudence?"

"Don't be afraid," said Betty, derisively.

"There's nobody in the room but me."

He came nearer. "What do you want?"

"I have a question to ask. Who was your visitor of this morning?"

He could not repress a start of surprise. It was curious, to say the least, that the same question should be asked of him by two persons in so brief a space of time.

"Where did you see him?"

"Jack didn't happen to be by, and I let him out when he went away."

The major looked intently into the hard-featured face.

"Did he speak to you?"

"He merely made some trifling remark concerning the weather."

"If that was all, I don't see why you should be so curious to know who he is."

"It was his voice that struck me—a peculiar voice, and one that I seemed to recognize."

"Whose was it like?"

Betty's stern face grew suddenly pale. She said for him to come nearer. After a sweeping, half-fearful glance around, she whispered a name in his ear.

Major Le Noir must have been terribly stirred up by all he had passed through that morning. The question of identity must have troubled him even more than he was himself aware; or maybe it was the idea that had arisen, that somehow or somewhere he had known his mysterious visitor before; or, more probable still, it may have been the thought that the said visitor had such an intimate knowledge of his private history.

At any rate, let the reason be what it might, his nerves were wholly unstrung. At the sound of the whispered name, as it fell from Betty's lips, he started back with a low cry of horror, covering his blanched face with hands that shone like a leaf.

"Impossible!" he cried. "I tell you the thing is impossible!"

Betty looked at him sharply.

"Of course it's impossible," said she. "Who intimated anything else? I merely told you whose voice Mr. Marston's is like."

"Bah! Go away," and he gave an impatient push. "Don't let me hear any more of your senseless babblings."

"This from you, Gustave?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Yes, from me!" angrily. "Go, woman!"

Betty durst not remain, after that. But she gave him a glance, half-sad, half-startled, before she closed the window and moved away.

Major Le Noir crossed the veranda and sat down on some steps leading to the garden.

The sun shone brightly upon him, and a merry-hearted bird alighted in a tree near by and warbled its sweetest song for his entertainment. The scent of dog-roses and blossoming vines made the air odorous. But in spite of the brightness and beauty all around him, the major shivered as he sat there, and his usually rosy face looked pinched and cold.

A half-hour went by, and he had scarcely stirred. At last a servant came out to him, with a letter. The touch of the stiff, business-like envelope seemed to bring him back to the present, and its exigencies.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"It was brought over by Lawyer Green's office-boy," the servant replied.

"Ah!" The major waited until he was left alone. Then he broke the seal of the letter. It was very brief. It contained only these words:

"LINCOLN STREET, Friday Morning.

"DEAR SIR—I have just learned of the sudden death of Wales Ingestre. The week before last, the deceased executed a will in my office. You may be aware of this fact, or you may not. On my side, I was not to speak of the will until after Mr. Ingestre's death. That sad event has occurred much sooner than either I or my client foresaw. Mrs. Ingestre will retain you

as her solicitor, I suppose; therefore these lines are addressed to you. I shall come to Ingrestre Place immediately after the funeral, to open and read the will I drew up.

"Truly yours, ERASmus GREEN."

Major Le Noir's bright eyes twinkled dangerously when he raised them from an attentive perusal of this epistle. "Come, and be hanged!" he muttered, spitefully tearing the letter into fragments, which he scattered upon the veranda-steps. "You may find yourself in a pretty pickle, if you do come—your will missing, and another, more recent, ready to be acted upon."

He retraced his steps into the house, chuckling audibly as he went. Thus far, he had vainly sought to discover the hiding-place of the document of which Lawyer Green had made mention. But this fact did not discourage him in the least, since nobody else had been more successful—or he would have known it. Indeed, it was very doubtful if any other person had begun to search for the true will, as yet.

"The game is in my own hands," he thought. "If I find the hidden will, I shall destroy it. If anybody else should chance to discover it, I have nothing to fear. It can be made to pass for waste paper. The more recent document will be produced—Madeline will be induced to believe her father's mind was wandering when he spoke of the first will as being the one that set forth his real wishes—everything will come about precisely as I have planned."

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, he ran upstairs to his private bedroom. In one corner of the apartment stood a strong box which he used for his private papers. It was in this box that he had stowed away the false will, no safer place of deposit being at his command.

He produced a key from an inner pocket, and unlocked the box to have another peep at the document, and thus assure himself that everything was as it should be, even to the dead man's signature, which he had sat up nearly all night to forge. The familiar strip of parchment did not at once meet his eye. He turned over the papers in the box rather nervously—run them through quite rapidly, a second time—then lifted them out one by one.

In vain, all in vain! The false will was nowhere to be found.

The discovery of its loss overpowered him, at first. "Strange, strange!" he gasped, a cold sweat breaking out upon his brow. "The paper was here safe enough at four o'clock this morning. The key of this box has never left my keeping, and the lock is a peculiar one—not easily fitted. I had not counted on such a checkmate. Somebody is playing against me—somebody shrewder than Madeline Ingestre, and far less scrupulous. Who can it be?"

He sat and pondered, reviewing every inmate of the house in turn. But no light dawned upon his mind. The baffling mystery remained a baffling mystery still. Nobody but Madeline could have had any object in stealing the forged will, and yet he was sure she had not meddled with it. Who, then, was the thief? Somebody familiar with the premises, and with his own habits and doings, that was evident.

"Bafted already," he muttered, angrily. "I shall not dare attempt a second forgery until assured that the first document is no longer in existence, to be produced against me. I must find the real will—there lies my only hope of security. With that found and destroyed, Lydia will at least be sure of a widow's third of the property, which is much better than the paltry sum that must have been left her in the document drawn up by Lawyer Green."

He dropped his head into his hands and sat there, still and motionless, thinking, thinking.

## CHAPTER IX.—THE HALF-SISTERS.

THAT morning was a trying one to Madeline. She felt puzzled and bewildered by the strange experience through which she had passed since coming to Ingrestre Place. After the quiet, uneventful life she had led at boarding-school, all this scheming and mystery seemed ten times more horrible than they otherwise would have done. The contrast was too great not to be appalling.

She could not forget the treachery which had so nearly deprived her of her father's dying blessing. It filled her with a horror of her new-found relatives such as she had never before experienced. If there had been any doubt in her mind of Mrs. Ingestre's utter baseness and want of principle, it was now gone for ever. Her stepmother and Alicia and Major Le Noir all seemed to be leagued together, and against her.

She lay upon her couch, thinking of all this until she grew frightened and sick at heart. Her enemies were desperate, and there was no knowing to what measures they would resort to be rid of her. But it was her father's wish that she should remain at Ingrestre Place, and, therefore, despite her dread and discouragement, she did not for one moment entertain the idea of going away. It was better to endure a little present suffering than go contrary to her father's wishes.

She was determined, likewise, to spare neither time nor labor to discover the hidden will. To be sure, her 'clue' to its hiding-place was very meagre, being no more nor less than the triangular figure the dying man had drawn in the palm of her hand. But important discoveries had been made with even smaller data than this to guide one, and she had the incentive of her father's dying request to urge her on.

Such thoughts as these helped to assuage her grief, for they kept her mind busy. She had something to live for besides idle lamentations for the dead. There were wrongs to be righted, scores of them, no doubt, and nobody save her poor weak self to do the work.

Madeline lay there in solitude and silence, trying to look the future steadily in the face. At ten o'clock old Betty came up, bringing a tray,

on which a neatly-arranged breakfast was displayed. This she deposited upon a stand, and went away without having spoken.

Afterward nobody came nigh for hours. Footsteps went up and down the stairs and along the passages—muffled steps such as are always heard where the dead are lying—preparations for Wales Ingestre's funeral were going on, no doubt; but nobody disturbed Madeline until a late hour in the afternoon.

Then Alicia tapped at the door and entered the room. She had received instructions from her mother, doubtless, for she went directly up to the couch and coldly kissed Madeline's cheek.

"Why do you stay here by yourself?" she asked. "Are you afraid of us all?"

"It isn't that," was the faint reply.

"What is it, then? You can't be grieving for papa? You didn't see him long enough to feel any regard for him."

Madeline made no reply. In spite of herself, she shivered at sight of that beautiful false face. Alicia observed this, and said, somewhat sharply:

"I hoped you had forgotten that episode on the night of your arrival. But I see very plainly that you have not. I am sorry, and mamma is sorry. You cannot be expected to know how sorely tempted we were, or you would wholly overlook it. Why not let by-gones be by-gones? Why not be friends?"

She held out one of her dimpled hands in a constrained way. Madeline caught it, covering it with impetuous kisses.

"Oh, Alicia," she cried, in passionate entreaty, "I will forgive and forget everything, if you will only love me just a little."

"There, there!" and the haughty beauty hastily drew clear of her embrace. "Of course I shall love you when we come to know each other better. But don't talk of it now."

She crossed over to the window, and stood for some moments drumming on the pane, looking out. Presently she turned.

"Jack is going to drive me down to Silverlea," she said, studiously avoiding Madeline's gaze. "I have some purchases to make. Will you go with me? You must have some mourning-dresses, of course."

Madeline was very anxious to please her sister. "Yes," she said, readily, "I will go."

"Very good. We start directly. You have only time for a hurried toilet."

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may drive en," she said to Jack, somewhat sharply. "You will excuse us, Mr. Lennox?"

The young gentleman bowed his adieu, and went away. But his last word was for Madeline, his last glance, at her lovely face.

Alicia settled back in the carriage, her brow contracted into a frown. She did not once speak on the homeward way. But, when they had left the carriage and were going up the steps together, she turned suddenly, catching Madeline roughly by the arm.

"Know this, girl!" she cried; "you come between me and Philip Lennox at your peril!"

Madeline drew back, frightened and speechless.

"I have borne with your coming here to steal away my birthright," Alicia went on, passionately. "But you shall not win from me the heart of the man I love, with your seductive arts! You shall not!"

"Don't look at me like that!" exclaimed Madeline, beseechingly. "Remember we are sisters."

"Sisters?" she repeated, her dainty lip curling. "Would to God we were not, I wish you had died, rather than to have come here, to foil and humble me! Do you hear? I would rather a thousand times you had died!"

The concentrated passion of her tone was something terrible. She seemed to have forgotten her mother's cautious prudence—everything save the mad rage swelling within her bosom. She lifted one of her clinched hands, as if tempted to strike the shrinking girl before her, and then dropped it, abruptly beginning to move away.

"I have warned you!" she cried, with a last vindictive look over her shoulder. "I am not to be balked and beaten by a poor pitiable creature like yourself, whose very existence is a shame and a reproach."

Having spoken those cruel words, she disappeared. Madeline remained standing on the steps, like one stupefied. A mountainous weight seemed to have been dropped upon her all at once. What was the meaning of those last words Alicia had uttered? They held her breathless and motionless with a horrible sense of shame and humiliation.

While she stood there, so miserable and helpless, she saw old Betty move across the hall. Rallying a little, she sprang through the half-open door and darted along the hall until she overtook the old woman.

"Betty," she cried out, vehemently, "you knew my mother. You have never told me anything about her. You must tell me, here and now."

Betty recollects a little. "What do you want to know, child?" she asked, in her harsh, crabbed way.

Madeline hesitated. The hot crimson mounted to the roots of her hair. She lowered her voice to a whisper.

"Was my mother a lawfully-wedded wife?" she asked, in a voice of suppressed eagerness.

"Yes," shortly. "Why?"

Madeline breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Some things have puzzled me. I do not understand all of Alicia's speeches. She looks to be quite as old as I am, too. What does it mean?"

"Don't ask me," returned Betty, shaking her head. "It isn't for you to know the history of the past, or for me to tell it."

"Answer me this, at least," persisted Madeline. "I can not, will not, believe Alicia's insinuations. My mother was not a woman I need blush to name—oh, tell me that she was not?"

"Humph!" muttered Betty, grimly. "Don't believe every lie that is told you. Your mother was an angel on earth; I'm sure she is an angel in heaven, now."

"She is!" cried Madeline, smothering a sob.

"Your mother was a Trevanian—a lady born and bred, and an heiress. Her name was never sullied by a breath of reproach, no matter what the envious and malignant may say. Wales Ingestre got most of his wealth through her. In her day, this house was called Trevanian Lodge. It was built nearly two hundred years ago, by her English ancestors. When your papa married madame, she insisted on having the name changed to Ingestre Place."

"Were there no Trevanions left to object to the change?"

"No. Your mother was the last of her race. There, I've told all you need know of her history. Now let me pass."

Madeline clasped her hands. "Why will you not tell me everything you know?" she asked, imploringly.

"I dare not." Old Betty whispered the words, and drew away, her hard face grown strangely stern and set.

Madeline did not follow her. She heard the rustle of Mrs. Ingestre's drapery in the far end of the passage, and knew her stepmother was listening, and without doubt had been listening from the first. It was obviously better to wait for some other opportunity before questioning Betty further.

(To be continued.)

#### NEGRO VOTING IN VIRGINIA.

A CHILD with a new toy is a very happy child for half an hour; especially if the toy originally belonged to those from whom it was thought impossible to obtain it. So the negroes were at first excessively charmed with the ballot-box; and, in our county, their first visit to the polls was most amusing.

The negro race in the United States, before the war, was, undoubtedly, a race of children. "They took no thought for the morrow." They were not even gifted with the instinct of the bee, the ant, and other insects, which, in Summer-time, lay up their stores for the chill Winter or rainy day. They were not given this instinct, because it was unnecessary for them. They were daily provided by "massa" with their food and clothing—in illness they were sure of a physician's attendance and plenty of medicine.

Of medicine they are rather fond, and the old women have some wonderful decoctions they administer in illness—for instance, we one day visited a sick infant on the plantation, to see what was being done for it, and were told it was improving fast on some tea made from pulverized chincas tied up in a rag and boiled for some hours in the water given the child to drink! Negroes take medicine usually with child-like faith—but, occasionally, they fancy themselves tricked or bewitched by some darky foe; and then nothing can be done for them. A man belonging to my father took up such an idea—lost his appetite, and pined away, in spite of all that doctor could do for him; his friends and relatives fully believed his statement, that a snake had been introduced into his stomach, and agreed with him that death was inevitable; and the poor creature quickly sank into the grave—the victim of a monomania.

The slave had no cause to fear for the future of his children. The same hand that provided for him, would in like manner provide for his offspring. So they made no preparation for sickness, old age or death; except, perhaps, the women, who invariably lay up in their best "chests" some cast-off white garment obtained from "missis," which is intended for a shroud.

This peculiarity of negro women is almost universal. They speak of their shroud with veneration and affection; and regard it as their greatest treasure—a proof also of their providence and respectability.

These simple-hearted, faithful, grown children of the south had "greatness thrust upon them." In spite of President Lincoln's proclamation—in spite of the tempting offers made by the Federal soldiers, who wanted servants, or wagon-drivers, and, later, troops, to save the white man from the brunt of battle, numbers remained at home, and continued to work as before for their owners. Of a hundred and more on our plantation, only thirty-nine went away—all of these were young men, with the exception of two women carried off by their husbands; and, as soon as the war was over, nearly every one of these self-exiled slaves returned to their old homes, and, for a time, worked as before, merely for their food and clothing, until their master found he could no longer afford such extravagant labor. The women then retired to their homes to spend the remainder of their lives in idleness, while ten or fifteen strong men undertook, and performed without difficulty, the work of forty or fifty before they were free. This people, the summit of whose ideal happiness had been, a plenty to eat and drink, a good house and garden, little work, and a funeral every Sunday, were suddenly informed by the carpet-baggers that the four years' war had been wholly on their account; the North fighting to free them from slavery; the South, to keep them forever in the bonds of servitude and ignorance; that they and their rights were the only topics discussed by the Council of the Nation, and that the Radical party looked to them to support it.

"Yes, fellow-citizens, we look to you to assist us in our effort to triumph over your enemies!" cries the Hunnicutt orator, in his speech to the Hanover voters.

"Don't ask me," returned Betty, shaking her head. "It isn't for you to know the history of the past, or for me to tell it."

"Answer me this, at least," persisted Madeline. "I can not, will not, believe Alicia's insinuations. My mother was not a woman I need blush to name—oh, tell me that she was not?"

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(To be continued.)

dey long to de publicans—dey say dey 'most starved; and dey cut off de ducks' an' chickens' heads wid der long, rattlin' swords, and run away! Massa, I hopes you don't long to dat party; 'cause I got monstrous few fowls left. I likes your looks, massa, and Ise gwine do jest what you tell me. I'll try to climb dat greasy pole when you has your gander-pullin'; and I'll bring de ole 'oman long to see arter dem candy-dates!"

Sambo by this time had become so obstreperous, that his white brother's love was suddenly quenched; and the milk of human kindness in his breast became soured by the thunder of Sambo's voice; and the giant blacksmith (this name should be changed; a negro hates to be reminded of his color!) was requested to put "that fellow" out. This was easier said than done, and the uproar that followed drowned the speaker's voice so effectually, that he suddenly brought his burst of eloquence to a close, amidst shrieks of laughter from his mirth-loving audience, who jostled each other in their efforts to escape from Sambo's furious kicks, for his heels were flying about indiscriminately.

The eventful day at last arrived, when, for the first time a colored man was to take his place as an equal of his master, and quietly cancel any vote he might make. Against the vote of one educated white man were to appear fifty or a hundred, cast by ignorant creatures, unable to read the names of their candidates or to guess what a State Convention meant. The carpet-baggers had cuteness enough to manage these slaves of their will. They doubtless made promises of future benefits and present rewards to the most intelligent among the negroes, who assuredly, in their turn, made use of threats to bend their followers into one invincible phalanx. It was truly an amusing sight to see the new voters for the first time on their way to the polls. By daylight in the morning, a motley crew began thronging the roads, all directing their steps toward the court-house. Leading the van was an old man, upward of eighty, from father's plantation-tall, gray-haired. With stooping shoulders and tottering limbs he toiled along, having, with some others who were anxious to arrive early at their destination, set out upon this journey of thirteen miles long before daylight. Close behind Uncle Jimmy came old Ambrose, about sixty years of age, blind and infirm, making his way slowly up the steep, miry hills, with only his stick and the voices of the excited excursionists to guide him in the proper direction. He had spent weeks at a hospital in Richmond, before the war, having his eyes treated for catarract, at his master's expense; and, though the operation was only partially successful, he sees well enough to get to the court-house and vote for that master's enemies. These two men had been gratuitously supported for at least a score of years by father, and still occupy their old homes free of charge, work a little for themselves, and live upon the charity of their former owners about half of the year, their friends and relatives having "quite enough to do to take care of themselves." This "master," meeting them on the road to the polls, was so astonished, that he stopped to speak to them.

"You here, Uncle Jimmy! What time did you leave home?"

"Fore day, Mass' George; 'cause 'tis a long step to de court-house."

"Who are you going to vote for?"

"I dunno, sir; dey told me all I had to do was to follow de oders and get my papers."

"Well, Jimmy, as you and Ambrose can walk thirteen miles before ten o'clock in the morning, I suppose you will be equally able to work now, and support yourselves. Men who can undergo such fatigue, and labor so hard for a vote, are certainly able to take care of themselves."

A pitiful cry from both men, and the sorrowful exclamation, "Don't talk like dat, Mass' George; dey told us, if we didn't come, de Yankees would kill us. 'Deed, sir, we wouldn't have come but for dat."

Such was the story of these men, above the average intelligence.

Behind these aged citizens, who so gloriously displayed their love for their country and their appreciation of the rights bestowed upon them, came a party of boys, in high spirits, walking briskly. "Master's" record proved them under twenty-one, but "mammy and daddy" had suddenly become possessed of wonderfully tenacious memories concerning dates; and love for the country and the "Publisc" party had induced them to swear that their boys were all of age. Such devotion was worthy of the mother of the Gracchi. Next came some jolly fellows, Sambo at their head, and black bottles in their pockets, the mouths of which, corked with paper or rag, peered out occasionally to see how things looked around them. Bringing up the rear is Jack, the blacksmith and shepherd—an exhorter in the negro Baptist Church; his gravity befits such a solemn occasion; he is followed by his flock of sheep—strange to say, all with black wool (even the Radicals can't deny this assertion). These sheep are all obedient to the ring of the bell-wether, who is now like Bo-Peep's leader, of infantile tradition, leading them far astray from their mistress's fold. Lastly came the women, who were to enact the rôle of "lookers-on in Venice." Some of these had young babies in their arms—all carried tin buckets containing their dinners of "ash-cake" and fried meat; ready, when emptied of this substantial diet, to receive the candy-dates, of which Sambo's account of the carpet-bagger's speech made them hopeful. Many of these good wives were like John Gilpin's faithful spouse—who, though on pleasure bent, "was of a frugal mind"—so they carried all of their blankets strapped on their backs. When asked why they thus burdened themselves in warm weather, they replied, "They thought Mass' Hunnicutt might want 'em for a day or so up at de court-house—and dey might catch cold if dey didn't hab deir blankets."

The scene at the polls was much tamer than at an ordinary gander-pulling. The women, to

their great chagrin, were roughly ordered to keep out of the way; and the men returned from casting their votes with rather crestfallen countenances. "Why, 'tain't nuthin', arter all! Dey gib you de scrap ob paper—'tis de right one, he say—and he tell you whar to put it—dey dat's all! Well, I sartainly was fooled. Call dat voting?" (contemptuously); "'tain't wirth de long pull up dat clay hill, I know. Dey say we kin go home now—dat dey don't want us no mo'; we dun all we had to do. I tell you what, ole 'oman, dis is de hardest day's work Ise dun for a long while, and I hain't got no pay. Dey call me fool when I ax for dem candy-dates—now I calls dat cheatin'. Suky, gimme sumthin' out ob your bucket to riz my sperits. Brudder Jack, he had me up afore de church for dat little spree I got on when Mass' Hunnicutt made his rimmicks 'bout de 'lection; well, I thought dat was bad enuf; but I'll pay him for foolin' me up here dis day—sure as I lib!"

Exit Sambo, in a profuse perspiration and state of intense indignation.

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

An approximate measurement shows sixty miles of streets laid waste in the great fire in Chicago.

KANSAS CITY, with a population of 35,000, took in during one day of her Exposition \$10,000, gate-money.

HEAVY frosts in many counties of North Carolina have played havoc with the tobacco crop in that State.

THE Government will continue the persecutions in Utah, and, if necessary, additional troops will be sent to that Territory.

AN GENERAL order from the Czar calls to arms the entire able bodied male population of Russia, for service when required.

AN American company have bought ground in Rome, and intend to build a Protestant church there, of great magnificence.

ONE of the northwesterly towns of Maine has twelve inches of snow, and sleigh-rides and sort of thing are all the rage.

GILMORE's new Coliseum building, for his World's Peace Jubilee, at Boston, will be 822 feet long by 422 feet wide, and 240 feet high.

A LETTER from Senator Carpenter estimates that the lives lost by the forest and prairie fires in Wisconsin will number from twelve to eighteen hundred.

THE Interior Department recommends the War Department to carry out the request of the Indian to expel white men who are selling whisky to the Sioux in Plate Valley.

THE wooden pavement has been officially condemned in Chicago. The Common Council passed a resolution that the asphalt pavement be adopted instead of wood, both for streets and sidewalks.

THE United States Government is now paying a pension to the widow of William Tell, a lineal descendant, it is claimed, of the Swiss hero of that name. The husband of the pensioner served in the late war in this country.

A SHARP newspaper war is in progress in London on the subject of literary piracy. The correspondents are very severe on the Harpers and other American publishers of British productions, and an International copyright is universally demanded.

THE Oneida Community have taken fright at the prosecution of the Mormons, and apprehend that they will be driven in turn out of their bower in Oneida, N. Y., as the Mormons are likely to be banished from the wilderness which they have made to blossom as the rose.

THE Swiss inhabitants of Washington will, on the 17th of November, celebrate the five hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary of the independence of Switzerland. As a part of the programme, a splendid national flag, ordered from that country, will be presented by the ladies.

A MILITIA company in Massachusetts is called the Peabody Guard, in honor of the great philanthropist. Mr. Peabody, by his beneficence, saved a great many human lives. These warriors cannot hope to emulate him in that particular, but they will probably destroy as few as he did.

AN exchange tells us that half the people in attendance at a recent local concert didn't know the difference between a "syphon" and a "sardine." The fishiness of the remark betrays a crotchet for a bar where staves are necessary to restore the semi-quaver of the attendants to a minimum rest.

BOSTON is now consuming seventy gallons of water per day for every man, woman and child in the city, and the caution has gone forth that, unless the public is less prodigal, there will surely be a water-famine. The city has appropriated \$10,000 to pay the expense of surveys with a view to an increased supply.

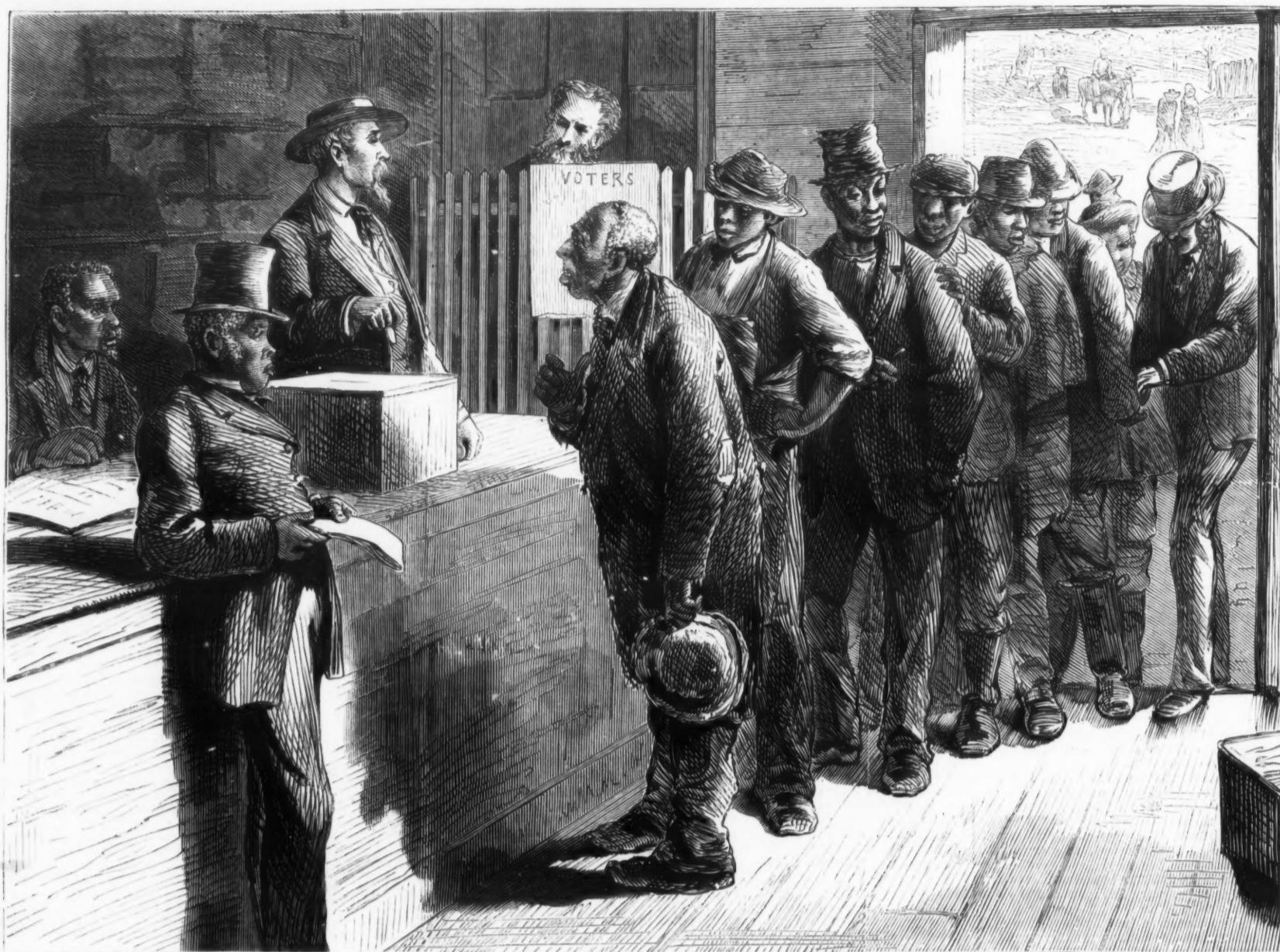
THE 400 cows purchased by Friends from Spain, and distributed in the Loire district to supply the place of those consumed as food during the war, have been much admired and talked about. It behooves the people to make a lasting recognition of the gift, and they have agreed to have the word "Quaker" stamped on the horns of their dilemma.

A BREAD riot recently occurred in a Persian town, the people clamoring about the Vizier, who, they supposed, withheld food from them. By way of appeasing the populace the Shah had the Vizier put in irons, tied to a donkey's tail, and dragged barefoot through the bazaar; the head baker and several of his "hands" were roasted alive in their own ovens.

AN Austrian burgomaster, recently gored by a bull, employed a surgeon, whose gold ring slipped off in the wound while probing it, and he thought it best not to aggravate the hurt by attempting a recovery. The burgomaster died, however, and the surgeon is suffering the wretchedness of imprisonment for having produced a mortal inflammation with his jewelry.

THE Philadelphians are waking up to the importance of having increased appliances for the suppression of fire. The Fire Commissioners have applied for seven additional steam-engines, for the increase of the number of fire alarm boxes, and for an addition to the salaries of the employees as will enable them to give their exclusive services to the department.

THE United States will not participate with the Governments of Europe in making observations of the total eclipse of the sun on the 12th of December next. The corps of observers at the Naval Observatory would cheerfully have accepted the invitation of the British astronomers; but, owing to their absence last year in making observations of the eclipse in Southern Europe, the work of the Observatory is very much behind, and they alone could have been dispatched under orders of the Navy Department, our Government failing to make provision for an expedition to Asia.



VIRGINIA.—CHARACTERISTIC SCENES AT THE SOUTH—NEGRO VOTING IN RICHMOND.—FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 155.

## ROSWELL B. MASON.

In the midst of all the excitement occasioned by the great fire in Chicago, Mayor Mason has been one of the most active of men. Alive to the necessities of the hour, he has been the leading spirit in the system of relief—giving his personal attention and supervision to all prominent movements. His long experience as an executive officer of an important railroad company, joined to his natural strength of character, rendered him an appropriate person to head the great work of resuscitation.

During the progress of the fire he was in consultation with the prominent business men of the city, and took prompt means to protect the suffering people from the outrages of the rascals that swarmed on every hand. It is said that the majority of the Common Council were politically opposed to the Mayor, and that considerable indignation was expressed when he announced the appointment of the Relief Committee, the Councilmen claiming a share in the disposition of the vast funds pouring in from every direction.

Be this as it may, his Honor exhibited good taste in calling upon the substantial business men to undertake the management of the relief, and it is gratifying to know that his request was appreciated. Certainly, politics should not be considered at a time when such a large proportion of the citizens were victims of a general calamity, and no one who has witnessed the operations of the gentlemen on this Committee, with the Mayor at their head, will for a moment believe that the contributions of a generous public will be misappropriated by them.

It is difficult on such occasions to distinguish between the grades of relief required, and none but persons acquainted with men and financial operations are competent to judge. The positions previously filled by these gentlemen form a guarantee that the intentions of the donors will be carried out as closely as practicable, and that ample returns will be made of every cent expended.



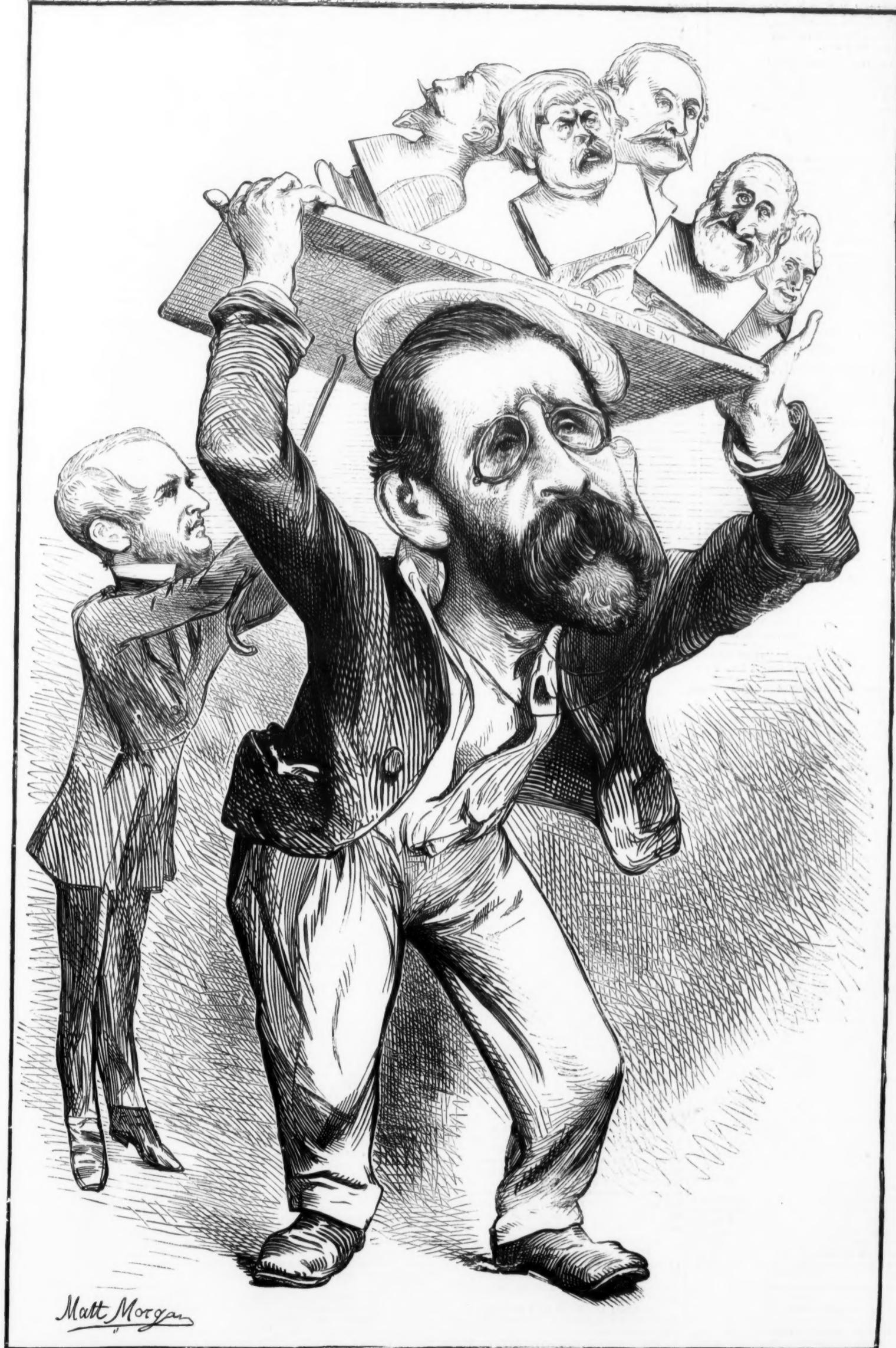
HON. R. B. MASON, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. M. FASSETT.

## ORIGIN OF VARIOUS ARTICLES.

THERE are many articles in common use, the origin of which is seldom thought of. For a long time, handmills were, in Europe, the only machines used to grind the corn. The art of constructing windmills originated, together with other inventions, with the Saracens. During several centuries, they used, in France, instead of plates, circular slices of the crust of bread, which were, after dinner, distributed among the poor. As early as the time of Pliny, the Gauls made use of yeast to raise their bread.

The Egyptians not only set a great value on brocoli, but even regarded this vegetable as an object of adoration. It was the Romans who introduced them into Europe. We have the peach from Persia, in which country it was actually held to be a poison. In our climate it has lost, by transplantation, all its original coarseness, and is become one of our choicest fruits. The plum was brought from Syria at the time of the Crusades. Rabbits were formerly held in such high estimation, that they were brought to table as a very choice dish. They once increased to such an extent in Spain, that they were suspected of mining the ramparts and the houses of Tarragon, so as to cause some parts of them to fall. Oysters were looked upon by the Romans as a "dainty dish"; and the poet Antonius has celebrated them in his verses. After the death of this poet, however, oysters were no more thought of; and it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that they were again brought into notice.

Beds, now such indispensable pieces of furniture, were, to the Greeks and Romans, articles of great luxury. When they exchanged the leaves and skins of beasts, on which their heroic ancestors reposed, for mattresses and feather-beds, the bedsteads were made sometimes of ivory, sometimes of ebony, sometimes of cedar, and sometimes of silver. It would be difficult now-a-days to find such beds as our ancestors slept on.



TOO HEAVY.

A. O. H.—“I never was handy with figures.”

## THREE FACES.

I SAT in the twilight shadows  
And looked toward the West away,  
Where the hand of an unseen artist  
Was painting, at close of day,  
A strange and a beautiful picture  
That filled my soul with awe,  
And made me think of the City  
No mortal ever saw.

"Paint me, O wonderful artist!"—  
I said when the shadows came,  
And hid from my sight the beauty  
O'er the Western hills afame—  
"Paint me the face of an angel!"  
And lo! before my eyes  
Was the face of my dear old mother,  
Grown young in Paradise!

Then the beautiful picture faded  
And I cried, "O artist, paint  
With your wonderful pencil the features  
Of some pure and holy saint."  
And lo! through the shadows gathered  
About the lonely place;  
Full of calm, unearthly beauty,  
I saw my father's face!

"Paint me the face of a sinner!"  
A darker shadow swept  
Thro' the room, and I thought in the twilight  
That the unseen artist wept.  
And lo! from his magical pencil  
A face in a moment had grown,  
The sad white face of a sinner,  
And I knew it for my own!

## MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"  
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—"I IDOLIZE HER!"

"UNCLE and I dine at eight; can you spare us your company, Ted, or does your mother claim you to-night?" Maud said, presently, and there was something so frank and unconstrained in her tone, that Edward was sorely puzzled. Her manner did not denote anger or annoyance, even; she looked him fairly in the face, and called him 'Ted,' and yet it was unmistakable that she had refused to let him kiss her.

"Naturally, I shall stay here, Maud," he said, in an aggrieved tone. True to his man's instincts, he could not bear that Maud should chill him at all, though such passionate love for Gertrude filled his heart.

He sat down by her, and flung his arm across the back of her chair, and looked into her candid eyes.

"Maud, I've gone through an awful deal of misery since we met last," he said, brokenly.

"I know it, poor dear Ted; but don't speak until we are alone after dinner. There will be so much to say when we begin; so very, very much, Ted. Tell me one thing only now—how did you leave Gertrude?"

"Broken-hearted!" he answered, with such passionate pain, that Maud felt all her fears were true. She controlled herself with a great effort, and spoke at once.

"Love will bind up the wounds, Ted. She is bent—not broken; it would be too fearful to believe that the events of the last few months are to blight her life."

She spoke rapidly, and when she paused, he found that he had no suitable answer ready. So he kept silence, and began playing with a bracelet on her wrist. Presently he took her hand in his, and pressed it gratefully, and she did not withdraw it. And from this circumstance he drew the deduction that she had been vexed when he came in, but that now she had got over the vexation and reinstated him in all his rights and privileges.

"Maud," he said, humbly, "give me a kiss, dear; I must have it; I must have sympathy; I shall feel you don't love me if you refuse."

"Not love you!" she murmured, involuntarily; and the tone was so fraught with love, that, emboldened by it, he bent his head and pressed his lips on hers, and for a moment she gave herself up to the passionate pleasure of the embrace of a man she loves so to a woman.

She did not yield to the tyranny of the appetite long. She remembered that, though he was her avowed lover now, he and she would be friends only, lovers no longer, before this evening closed. The recollection nerfed her, and softened her at the same time.

"Dear Ted," she said, chokingly, "I will make you happy; don't distrust me."

"Distrust you! What do you mean, Maud?" he asked, wonderingly; for, to 'distrust' this creature, whom he was wronging in his heart, was an impossibility to him.

"And don't ask questions, Ted, when we are having our talk after dinner—for which, by-the-way, I must go and dress now. Just accept what I say, and—things will right themselves."

She was gone from the room as the echo of her last word died on his ear. And he was left alone to ponder on what might possibly be coming.

She was going to make a sacrifice this night, and it was but womanly of her to deck herself for it as becomingly as she could. Whether any latent hope existed in her heart that she might by this means win him back to be hers only again, or not, I cannot tell. She loved Edward Maskleyne very dearly, and to the last she would please him. Please his taste—please his mind—though she had failed to satisfy his heart.

There was no anger in her thoughts against him, though, by the force of a woman's wonderful instinct, she had divined the truth that he loved her no longer. More! that he had never loved her with the sort of love that held his

soul in sway to Gertrude. But though there was no anger in her thoughts, so many associations made her miserable. It may seem an absurd thing to say of a refined and cultivated and clever woman, that the idea of another woman ordering dinner and delicacies for him in the future, made her miserable. But it did so, even in this supreme moment of resolving upon the sacrifice; and as a touch of human nature, it is worth while recording it.

He thought her looking very sadly, sweetly, lovely, when she came down in half transparent dress of some shimmering silver-gray material, that looked like idealized silk, and—like a man—he began to half regret what was coming. If he had never gone back to Colton Towers and known his cousin Gertrude, how very dearly he could have loved Maud Mohan!

He was ashamed to linger long over the walnuts and the wine, and yet he did so dread the explanation that was coming. It was hard service to put upon the girl, to force her to be the one to speak at this juncture. And yet he could not bring himself to frankly tell her that he had been fickle and changeable, and that after he had pledged his love to her, it had gone back to its former allegiance—to the widow of Guy Oliver. Well, it was too late now to do other than face the consequences of that want of purpose, and variableness of nature, which had wrecked the happiness of both these women who loved him so well.

The drawing-room was dimly lighted when he went in, and he saw Maud faintly outlined in the chair in that alcove of flowers. Her uncle had gone back to his study, and each knew that they would be free from interruption for the next two or three hours. How would she do it?

She very soon let him know how she would do it. She had strung herself up to such a pitch now, that it was no longer possible for her to hesitate.

"Ted," she began, speaking nervously—that is, with the ring and vibration and rapidity of strong nervous excitement, with none of that faltering feebleness that is often designated, erringly, "nervousness"—"Ted, come here and sit down by me, and tell me how best I can forward your happiness."

"My dear Maud, there is no need for me to tell you that," he answered, even while he despised himself for still trying to deceive her into the belief that marrying her would forward his happiness. "My dear Maud, there is no need for me to tell you that!" And she sat erect at once, and put her firm tone in his, and answered:

"You are right, Ted; there is no need for you to tell me, for I know it already, and I was cruel to try and make you word your difficulty. My dear old friend, your heart belongs to Gertrude, and I must help you about your marriage—for your mother won't."

"Maud! this is—I am too overwhelmed to answer you coherently; all I can say is, I have come back prepared to fulfill every vow I have made to you; you risk nothing, believe me, in entrusting your happiness to my care."

She shook her head sorrowfully.

"Dear Ted, don't think me simply jealous and angry about your love for Gertrude; I'm neither; I'm so much in earnest in longing to see it all settled. I have thought over a dozen plans, for I must act as your sister in the matter. I must always be first friend and confidant to Gertrude and you."

"Maud," he stammered, "have you loved me?"

She groaned in her heart, but not a word escaped her brave, firm lips. Had she loved him? Was she not at this very moment cutting out the core of her heart to secure the happiness of his? In all she was doing, if he were not blinded by his passionate love for another woman, must he not have recognized her absolute devotion to him? But she must not nullify the good she was endeavoring to do by an exhibition of weakness that would surely prove too strong an appeal to one of the sex who are wont, when "they cannot make love to the lips that they love," to very contentedly "make love to the lips that are near."

"As you like, my dear; perhaps when he has made a few more, you'll let me know; meantime I'm busy."

So this was the end of it!

Was it the end? No; the beginning of the end was to be found up in Miss Mohan's bedroom, where a desolate woman walked the floor in dumb anguish the whole night.

But Maud Mohan was a High Priestess of that Order which does not wear its heart upon its sleeve for daws to peck at. By the morning she was mistress of herself again. Mistress of herself, and ready to go forth and conquer Lady Maskleyne.

Lady Maskleyne had taken up her abode again in the old quarters in which we first made her acquaintance. She had no intention of being anything more than a frequent and honored guest at Colton Towers, when Edward was married to her dearly-loved Maud. As a resident there, she would be a cipher. But as a guest she would be a cause of a good deal of county excitement. Consequently, she was rapidly rearranging her habitation, in order that it might be a fitting place in which to receive the bride and bridegroom when they came through town on their return from their wedding-tour.

She was wondering half aloud, for the thousandth time, when it would be settled beyond the power of repeal, as Maud came in.

"I am on my way to the Row," Maud began; "that's why I am so early. I wanted to tell you, Ted came just after you left, and he staid nad din'd with us."

Lady Maskleyne breathed a sigh of relief.

"I am very glad he has come; now there will be no further delay, I hope."

This was the time to strike, Maud felt. Each moment's delay after this would only add to the embarrassments that already encompassed her.

Besides, as we have seen, Maud was not a girl

to adopt half measures when whole ones were possible.

"That is what I have come to speak to you about, dear Lady Maskleyne; and you must hear me patiently."

Startled, and with a vague presentiment of evil before her, Lady Maskleyne made an impatient gesture for Maud to proceed.

"Ted and I had a long, solemn talk last night, dear Lady Maskleyne, and it ended in our loving each other better than ever, perhaps—"

"Thank heaven!" Lady Maskleyne ejaculated; but Maud went on without stopping:

"And in our both being convinced that his marriage with me would be a fruitless waste of the happiness of two lives; so we have parted, as lovers, and I am here now, as his friend, to tell you how best you can help dear Ted."

"Are you mad, Maud?"

"Quite sane, I hope."

"And you have broken it off! Maud, Maud! I feel what is coming—you might have saved me this!"

The mother's grief, added to her own bitter sorrow, almost broke down Maud Mohan's courage—almost, but not quite. She crushed back her emotion, and went on rapidly:

"He loves her so; don't blame him—blame me if you will for not being attractive, but don't blame him for his fidelity to her."

"Then, it is that girl?"

"It is his cousin Gertrude, your niece."

"She is no niece of mine, and he will be no son of mine if he marries her."

"Don't say such cruel words of your only child," Maud cried, indignantly.

Lady Maskleyne had cowered down in a low chair, under the blow these tidings were to her, and as she sat there, pallid and shuddering, Maud thought that she—Lady Maskleyne—seemed to have shrunk away to half her size. How old she looked, and how bent and shattered. Poor Edward! How many harsh realities would mingle with his love-dream!

"It will kill me!" Lady Maskleyne moaned, hoarsely. "It is like a knife in my heart, now, to hear you pleading for him—for him and for that traitress. Maud! my poor child! you have loved him so long?"

This was the last straw that could not be carried. Maud gave one broken-hearted gulp, and then sat down and flung her arms on the table, and dropped her head on her arms, and cried those bitter tears that only unrequited love can force from the eyes.

And while she was lying there, prostrated by her love and anguish, Edward himself came in, with about as cheerful an air as a convicted criminal might be able to assume. His mother's greeting was not calculated to reassure him.

"Edward! it can't be true! Oh! my boy, tell me that you haven't been so base, so cowardly, so false—"

"He's been nothing of the sort!" Maud cried, starting up, and vanishing her tears instantly.

"Dear Ted, you mustn't mind what she says to-day," and the girl clasped Edward's arm with both her hands, and put her forehead down on his shoulder in a way that made his mother doubt the evidence of her senses. Could it be possible that Maud could cling like that to a man who had jilted her? Lady Maskleyne took heart of grace at the sight, and said:

"I knew it couldn't be true; I know Fate has no such cruel trick in store for me, as the death of the dearest hope I ever had—the hope of seeing Maud your wife."

"Tell her—you must tell her—that the hope must end now; we have ended ourselves—I mean, I ended it last night. Dear Ted, speak out to your mother; tell her that the wife you will have, is as darling, lovely a girl as the world ever saw. You'll break my heart, Lady Maskleyne, if you keep on harping on a moldered chord."

"It will be my death!" Lady Maskleyne sobbed, hysterically; and then Edward threw himself down in a chair, distractedly, and invoked unknown gods to tell him what to do.

"I can do no good here now," Maud whispered to him, presently. "I'll leave you with your mother. Be firm, Ted; it is only just to Gertrude that you should be so." Then, with a strong, loving clasp of the hand, she left the man for whom her heart was very sick and sore, and approached his mother.

"Dear Lady Maskleyne," she began, tremblingly, "what an awful thing it will be for me to be cut off from you—think of that; and as I shall be Ted's and Gertrude's greatest friend, you must just kiss and forgive us all round, if things are to be pleasant."

And with that she went away, and the mother and son were left alone together.

"Edward!" she began, with the air of a tragedy queen—a sudden transformation from the state of weeping old womanhood in which she had been plunged for the last ten minutes, that would have amused him intensely had he not been so infinitely miserable. "Edward! what spell is over you, that you do not love that girl?"

"Not love her?—I idolize her!" he answered.

"Yet, you have parted!"

"Be gentle in your judgment of me, mother—my own good mother, who has done so much for me; be gentle in your judgment of me, for my heart is at war with itself."

"Have you considered the cloud under which you will be, if you marry a woman who has been accused of murdering her husband for the sake of carrying on a guilty amour with you?"

"The lies have been disproved," he said, sternly.

"People will only remember one part of the story: they never remember that portion of it which clears a woman—only that which blackens her will give color to the second charge. Oh! my boy! and it was my work to get you back to Colton Towers—my work to send you back to your ruin and disgrace!"

This was a sample of the conversation that was carried on between mother and son for

several hours of that weary day. At the end of it, he was in no mood to do anything but seek Maud Mohan and claim her counsel.

"What news, Ted?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh! my mother has said more bitter things than I could repeat even to you: you can imagine all the truths and possibilities she has hurled at me. I feel shipwrecked."

"Have you written to Gertrude?"

"No."

"Do it at once, then; give yourself that firm standpoint, and—and give her my love."

He wrote at her bidding, hard as the task was. Had he been with his cousin, words of love would have flowed spontaneously enough. But to write them down in Maud Mohan's presence was hard work.

At the end of three days he received Gertrude's answer—an answer which it nearly killed her to write, and nearly drove him mad to read. She wrote as follows:

(To be continued.)

### AMONG THE MORMONS.

LEAH and I were orphans!

In that one sentence you may trace the origin of all the sorrow which encompassed us during our childhood, and all the misfortunes of our after years.

I scarcely know how we subsisted during the first few years of our life; but at the age of fifteen, Leah hired one room and took me, then ten years of age, home with her.

She took in sewing, and while she done the fine work, I basted, and did our housework.

It was such a change to us, that, even though sometimes we scarcely knew where our breakfast or dinner was to come from, we were, comparatively speaking, happy.

Time went past. Leah was beginning to fade away. I knew it was overwork, and oft I wept bitter tears over our hard fate—a fate that compelled her to toil, even though the lifeblood was leaving her veins. About that time a certain man, Robert Darefield, began to come to see us. At first he came home with Leah, saying that she looked too weak and delicate to be out alone. He was Leah's employer, and we thought nothing of his coming, save how kind it was in him to visit two such lonely orphans. But, even though I thought much of his goodness, I felt an inward repugnance to him which I could not wholly overcome.

Not so with Leah. Her eyes sparkled, and her usually pale cheeks flushed, at his footstep, until in my heart there grew up a jealous fear that he was wresting my sister's love from me! I knew it was so, and the more convinced I became, the more unkindly I felt toward him.

At last she came rushing into our room one night with her face all aglow.

"I have something to tell you, little sister," she said, in soft, subdued tones, as she drew my head down to her bosom.

"What is it?" I asked. "How you are trembling, Leah! and yet, you do not seem frightened!"

"I tremble because my joy is too great," she returned. "Robert Darefield has asked me to be his wife!"

"And you, Leah?"

"Answered yes!" was her response.

"Do you love him, Leah?" I ventured to inquire.

"Love him, Lutie? Oh, more than words can express!"

I said no more, and tried to hide the bitter tears that sprang to my eyes.

"And when you marry him, what is to become of me?" I asked, a short time after.

"You will live with me," was the response. "I did not finish telling you. Robert is selling out his business, and wishes us both to go to America with him. Won't it be glorious to go to America, darling?"

"Indeed, it will," I returned, for the first time feeling satisfied with the proposed marriage. "Everybody is free and equal in America, and a woman there can earn her own living so much easier than here! I am fourteen now; I will be able to work at any sort of employment."

Our preparations were soon made for leaving England, and Robert spent most of the time with us, while we were getting ready.

At last one morning we all went down to a church, and the minister pronounced the words which made Leah belong to that man until death.

I never shall forget how radiantly happy she looked as we went on board the boat which was to convey us across the Atlantic. She had no fears, no doubts, for the future. Her whole soul and being were wrapped up in her husband.

During our passage over, there was a strange man that talked much to Robert, and I could not read the glances which they threw at Leah and me as they conversed. At last I became almost nervous. What could they be continually saying about us?

"Neither Leah nor Lutie would be willing," I overheard Robert say to him.

The man laughed a low, sneering laugh.

"You need not ask them," he returned. "Say nothing at all until we arrive there, and when they find it is the law of the country, they will be forced to submit."

"That is true," Robert returned, meditatively. "I will follow your advice."

I pondered his words over and over. What could they mean? Where was he taking us—what was it we would not be willing for? But the more I pondered, the more perplexed I became. Then I tried to dismiss my fears.

"Robert is so kind to Leah and me," I said to myself, reassuringly, "that he premeditates nothing wrong. I am exaggerating some slight remark—nothing more."

If I did not succeed in entirely banishing my fears, I at least succeeded in lulling them.

In due course of time we arrived in New York.

"I have changed my mind," Robert observed,

to Leah. "It was my intention to remain here, but I am informed that a better opening and a surer prospect of wealth awaits me further West. There, it is not so crowded as here, and we will be happier."

"I shall be happy anywhere with you, Robert," Leah returned. "So, go where you think it best for your own interest."

His few words relieved me. This was all he had meant, and I had magnified them into evil. I was ashamed, humiliated.

In those days a journey "West" was not what it is now. We went as far as rail would carry us, and then joined a caravan that was ready to cross the Plains.

I soon learned that "Utah" was the name of our destination; but though, when it was mentioned, our fellow passengers gave strange looks, they made no remarks. It may have been because Robert, and the stranger he had met with, kept so close to us.

At last, one of the women came to me and whispered:

"For God's sake, miss, do not follow those men further!"

"Why not?" I asked. "He is my sister's husband," pointing to Robert, who was coming up.

"Hist!" she said, and I was left in doubt. What did she mean?

"What did that woman say to you?" Robert asked of me as she left. "She's insane! so be careful if she comes near you."

"Insane!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible?"

"Yes. Be careful for my sake, Lutie, dear," he added. "Leah and I could not well spare you."

"Dear brother Robert," I said to myself, "how I have misjudged him!"

I said nothing to Leah of the little by-play, and for the remainder of the journey I avoided the rest so closely, that no one had a chance to speak to me.

At last we separated from the rest of the party, the stranger telling Robert that—

"Over yonder is the home of the Saints," pointing to a low village a short distance away.

As we were starting out on our journey there, the same woman came to me.

"It is too late now, child," she said, sorrowfully, "but I fain would have warned you in time to have saved you. You are doomed!"

I trembled like an aspen leaf, as Robert hurried up, and put his arm around me.

That woman is bent on tormenting you, little one," he said, softly; "but you need have no fears while I am with you to protect you."

I clung to his arm, confidingly, as we went back to Leah. "How wicked I was to doubt my sister's husband so easily!" I mused, grateful to him for his kindness.

We arrived at the strange city—a very strange city it looked to me! Gloomy, quiet, and totally unlike any I had ever seen before.

"Is it Sunday here, Robert?" I asked. "All the women wear such sad, sad faces!"

Leah laughed a little low laugh, that rippled from her lips like music.

"What a strange child, to connect the Sabbath and sad faces together!" she exclaimed.

"No, it is not Sunday," he returned. "And as for sad faces, I am told that the women here are happier than in any other part of Christendom!"

"Is that so?" I ejaculated. "How funny!"

Robert and the strange man left us a short time, and then came back.

"I have engaged a house already," he said, and we followed him to it.

To us it looked like a little low hovel, used as we were to the high-storied houses of a great city.

But it is such as all our neighbors have," Leah said, as I made that remark; "and anyway, Lutie, we will have Robert with us!"

To her, Robert made up for all other comforts or losses. Robert was her all.

"Why do they call this place the City of Saints?" I asked. He hesitated a moment.

"Because this is a religious city, or rather, a city of a peculiar, but the only true religion," was his response.

"What an idea! A religious city!" I ejaculated. "What is its peculiar doctrine, Robert?"

He colored and stammered as both Leah and I looked at him for a reply. He came closer to us, and put an arm round each.

"The truth is, my dears, that a man may have here as many wives as he can support. For a beginning, I shall be satisfied with you two."

"Mormons!" escaped from Leah's lips, as, white, cold, stiff, like a rose suddenly snapped from the stem, she dropped to the floor!

"Leah, Leah!" I wailed, "do not die! Oh, Leah!"

In my grief for her, I forgot the horrible truth that Robert had told us. I tried to bring her to—I did everything my feeble skill suggested, and at last—though better, better far, it would have been if she had died—she opened her eyes—she lived!

"Robert!" she moaned, "you must have been jesting? Oh, Robert, you could not have brought us to that city of pollution!"

"City of light!" was his response. "You will think different of it, Leah, when you become accustomed to the idea."

She shrank from him like one blighted. She went to a corner of the hovel, and utterly refused to eat or drink or sleep. I stood beside her, bewildered, despairing. I could scarcely realize the extent of the evil which had befallen us, and yet I knew by her anguish that it was too great for my comprehension.

Robert did not come near us for the remainder of that day. Then he came to us again.

"Remember, you are my wife too, Lutie." he said.

"You are crazy, Robert!" I cried. "You are Leah's husband, not mine!"

"But I have you both. It is the law of the country, and you must comply, under the penalty of death!"

Then the old woman's warning rang in my ears.

This was from what she wished to save me! Oh, fate—cruel, hard, bitter fate—to ruin us both thus!

I followed Leah's example. I sat down. I could not weep—I was too petrified!

Women, with their quiet, sad faces, came in to minister to us.

"You will have to get over this," they said. "There is no way of escape; no release but death! We have suffered as you are suffering!"

I then knew what caused the sad faces that had attracted my attention. It was a city of blighted lives!

"If you, my darling, could only get away," Leah wailed, "I would be content. But you, in your youth, beauty and innocence, to be crushed—contaminated, overwhelms me."

I looked out of the door.

"There is no way of escape open," I sighed. "We are worse than prisoners—we are slaves!"

Days passed—days fraught with such agony as no pen can describe! Robert scarcely spoke to us—waiting for us to "get over the suks and become reconciled to the inevitable," he said.

One night he lay asleep, and Leah came to me with a strange glance in her soft, dewy eyes.

"My darling, you must do as I wish you to," she said, softly. "Will you promise?"

"Yes," I returned. "I promise anything."

She kissed me over and over.

"Our house is near the end of the village. I intend to cut this vein open," showing me her bare white arm, with its blue streak, "and then I will bleed to death."

"Oh, Leah," I cried, "suicide!"

"Suicide is a virtue in this case," she returned. "I am determined; no persuasion can alter my decision. I will die; I cannot live! Life is too big a curse for me now, to endure it longer; but you, Lutie, must try to escape. If you are caught and brought back, follow my example as soon as possible. Death, dearest, in preference to dishonor!"

As she spoke, before I could wrest the knife from her hand, she struck it unerringly into the vein, and the hot blood squirted out in jets. She would not bind it up. She smiled serenely as the life-course flowed hot and fast from her arm. She grew weaker, whiter, but yet she smiled.

"Remember what you have promised," she said, as her articulation became indistinct. "As soon as I am dead, go!"

I stooped over her; I kissed her until the last breath fluttered from her body.

My Leah, my noble sister, my patient, true-hearted darling, was dead. Dead—killed by the falsehood, the brutality, the lust of man! I picked up the knife which had taken her life, and looked over at Robert. God forgive me, there was murder in my heart! Only the thought that it would offend my Leah's spirit arrested my hand.

One more kiss, one more prayer, and I hurried out of the hovel. I crept along; I hid in dark corners; the "Destroying Angels" did not notice me! I got without the limits of the city; out upon the Plains. I was helpless—at the mercy of cruel beasts or crueler Indians—but I needed not.

"God but take me from this living hell," I cried incessantly, "and I will be happy."

I traveled on foot, weak, weary, faint! I dropped on the Plains at last; I remembered no more!

When I became conscious, I saw strange faces around me. I started up in horror; I wrung my hands.

"Is this the City of the Saints?" I cried; "for God's sake tell me!"

"No," said a rough, but not unkind voice. "You are safe; you have escaped—though how, God alone knows. This is a fort of American soldiers."

"How came I here?" I questioned.

Lieutenant Hayward picked you up on the Plains. You are safe. I am a doctor, and forbidding you talking more."

I dropped back on the pillow; I closed my eyes, but the tears would flow.

I was safe! I thanked God for that. But Leah, the pride of my heart, was dead—died by her own hand!

I commenced to recover. Lieutenant Hayward came in to see me, and I told him all my story. The men sympathized with me; they were all kind as brothers; and the wives of some that were there, were as sisters to me. But though I appreciated their kindness, the fatal events of the past few months had cast too deep a cloud over me to be easily removed.

A month later, Lieutenant Hayward came to me.

"I have resigned, and am going to New York, Miss Richards," he said. "Would you like to go there, too?"

"Indeed, I would," I returned. "I long to get far away from the city of pollution."

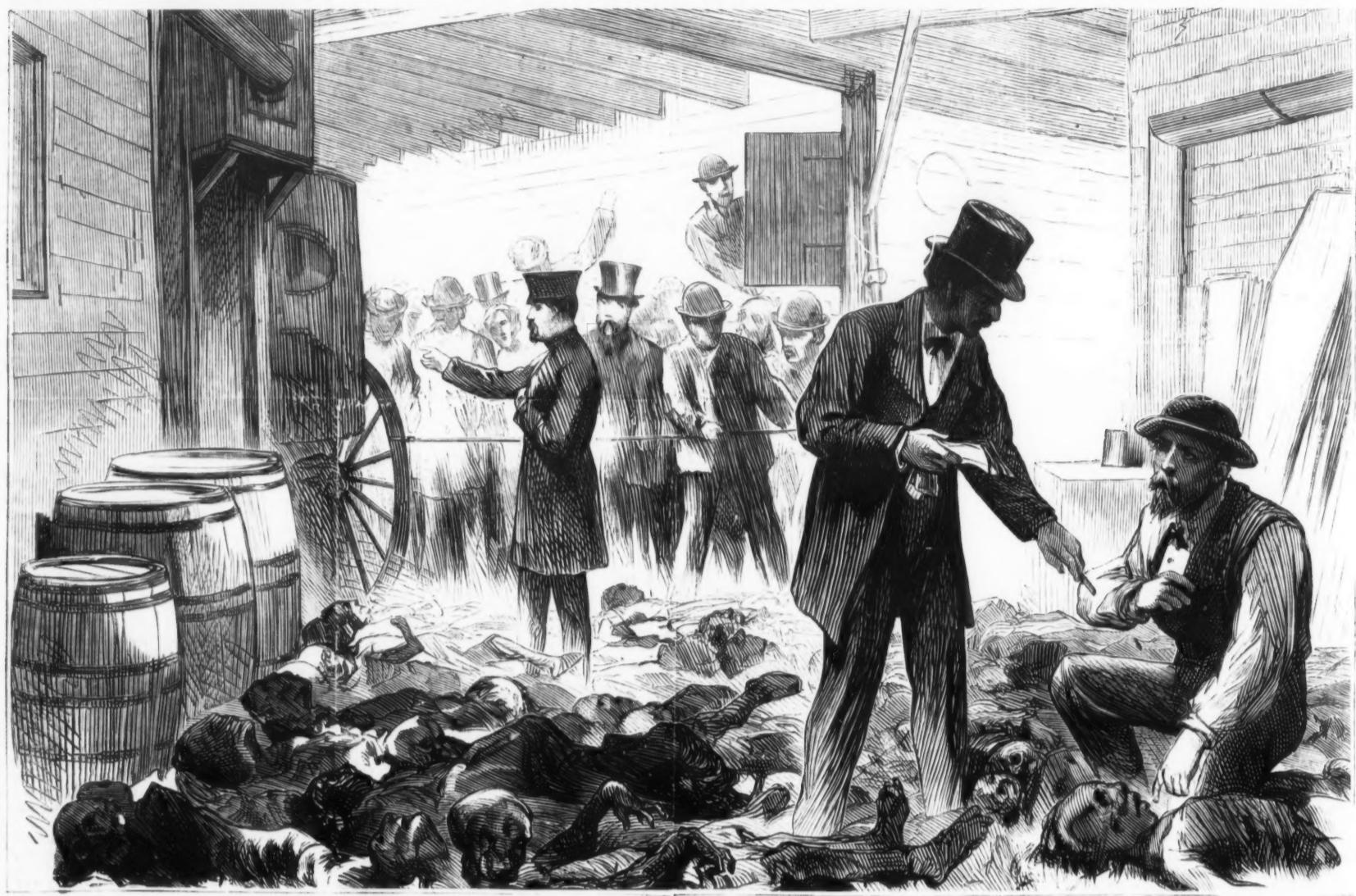
"You shall go," he continued. "I will be your protector. You are not afraid to trust me, Lutie?"

"No, I owe you too much already, kind friend," I replied.

A few days later, we started for New York, and on the way I was frightened to lose sight of Charlie Hayward for a moment, for fear of meeting with some of the elders from Utah.

When we arrived in New York, he took me to some friends of his, who, after hearing my sad story, took me to their hearts and home.

They sent me to school, and Charlie went



CHICAGO.—THE TEMPORARY MOLGUE ON MILWAUKEE AVENUE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

were in the enjoyment of every luxury that wealth could purchase, now came forward with a hesitating gait to ask for means to enable them to keep body and soul together a few days longer. As before intimated, all checks are received and acknowledged by Mayor Mason, and then turned over to Mr. Pullman, who in turn presents them to the paymaster for distribution.

Colonel Welch endeavors to give his personal attention to every application, and is obliged to be on the lookout for swindlers, who always muster in force when charity is being dispensed. During our call, several attempts were made by improper parties to avail themselves of the generosity of the public. A noticeable case was that of an elderly Jew, who insisted on having his application favorably considered. In spite of his crafty deceptions, it was found that he had been in the city but a few days, and had arranged to purchase a large quantity of damaged stock, for sale in another quarter.

It is now fully understood that the vast sums contributed for the relief of Chicago are not to be applied for the maintenance of those who will not work. The funds are for charity, not to foster pauperism; and the law is inexorable that whoso will not work, shall not eat. Not a cent should be given the constitutionally tired, or the professionally destitute.

Leaving these gatherings of the living, we sauntered off to look upon the gathering of the dead, at No. 64 Milwaukee Avenue, where the temporary Morgue is established. As fast as found, the bodies were taken to this place, and laid out in the carriage and coach washroom of Mr. Klaner, undertaker. There, Coroner Stevens is hourly occupied, viewing the remains of fresh arrivals, and taking the testimony of parties able to recognize the charred

and disfigured victims. Citizens are admitted in small groups, and every facility extended for identifying the remains.

A good authority explodes the story that the

city was built of stone heavily charged with petroleum. The only building of any size built of the supposed oil-stone was the Second Presbyterian Church, and the walls of that were

not reduced to ashes, but stand conspicuously erect among the ruins of a hundred other structures utterly destroyed.



CHICAGO.—A NIGHT SESSION OF THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

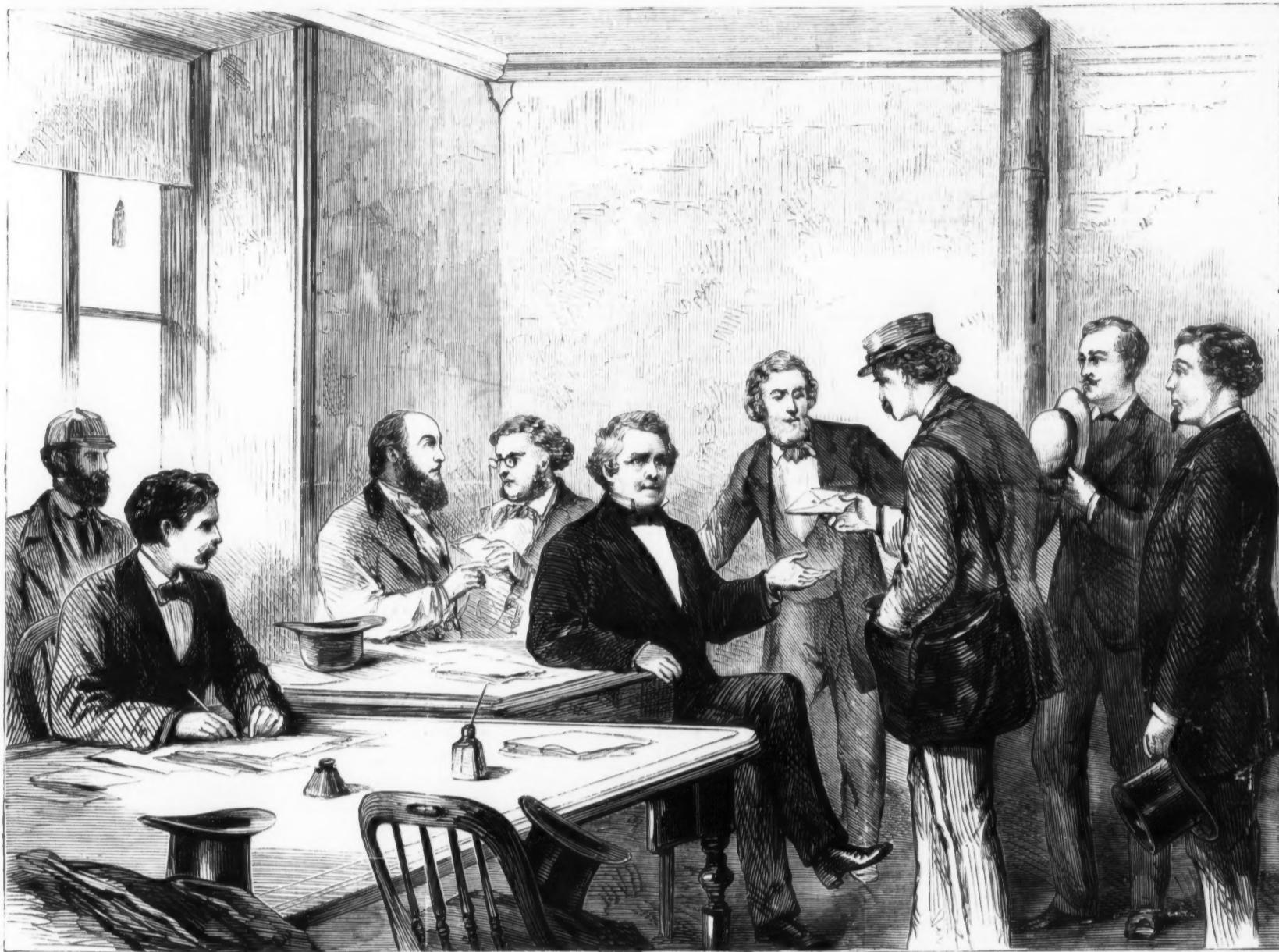
REFERRING to the figures afforded by the recent United States census, we must realize the fact that in 1900, only twenty-nine years hence, the population of the United States will number 75,000,000. Seventy-five millions of people implies the settlement of the entire South and West by as dense a population as that of Massachusetts; the reclamation of the arid wastes of the great plains by irrigation; the development of States as strong as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, along the Rocky Mountains; the settlement of the great Utah Basin by four or five millions of agricultural and pastoral people; the development of a tier of agricultural States along our Southern border from Lake Superior to the Pacific, as populous and prosperous as Missouri and Minnesota; the growth of the Pacific States into commonwealths as rich and populous as New York and Pennsylvania. It means that New York will cover the whole of Manhattan Island with a population of at least two millions; to say nothing of the outlying suburbs in New Jersey and across the East River; that Chicago and St. Louis will each become as large cities in fact as they are now in their own estimation, and that San Francisco will have half a million of inhabitants. The national debt will have become a tradition, and it will become difficult to understand how it was ever hard to raise three or four hundred millions by taxation. If any of our readers are unduly "bearish" in their tendencies, and inclined to get the blues over our future, we advise them to indulge in the line of speculation suggested by these striking statistics.



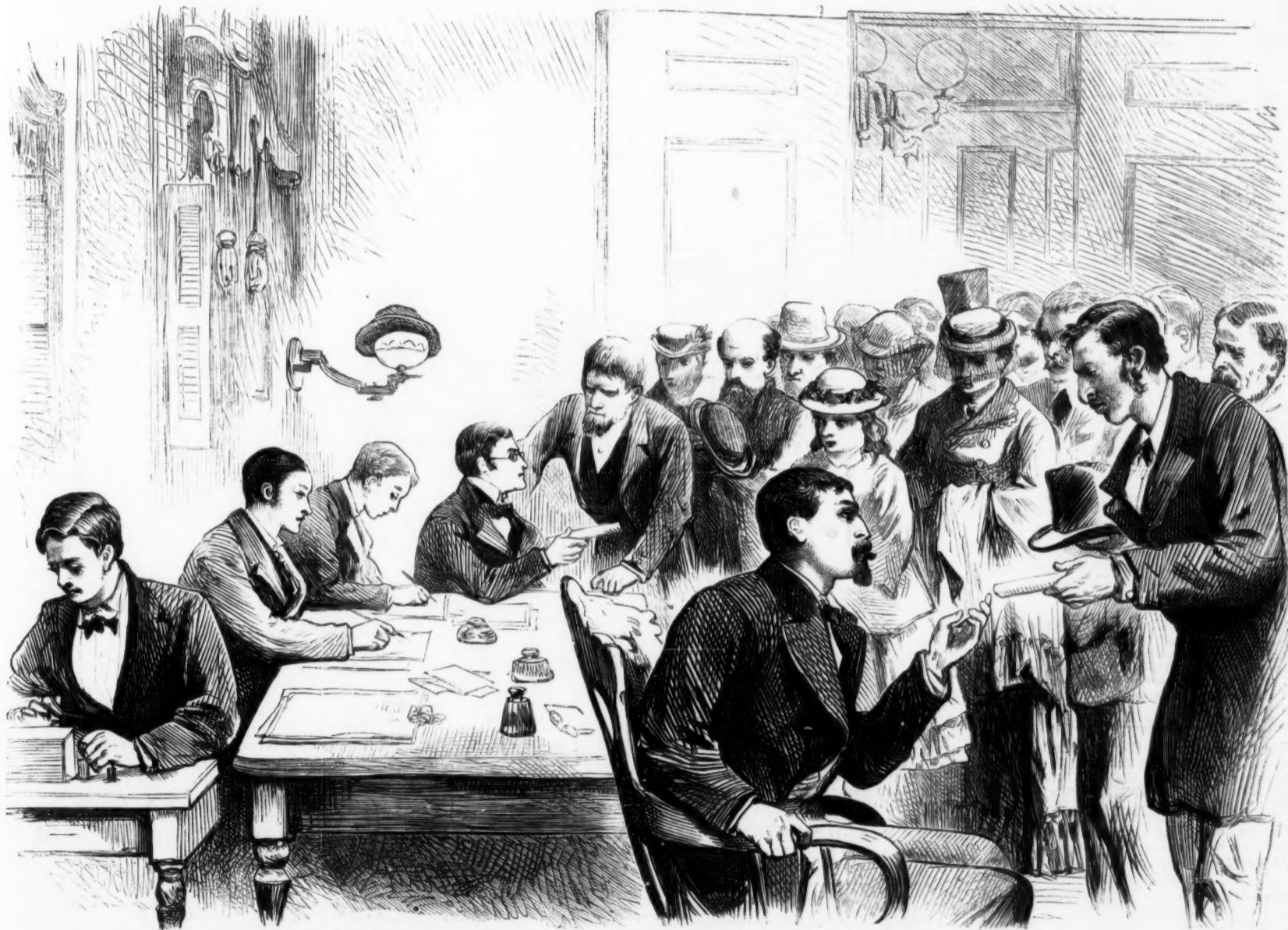
CHICAGO.—ARRIVAL OF CHECKS AT STANDARD HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.



CHICAGO.—PAYMASTER'S ROOM AT STANDARD HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.



CHICAGO.—SCENE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IN THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH—ARRIVAL OF THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.



CHICAGO.—SCENE IN STANDARD HALL—ISSUING RAILROAD PASSES TO THE SUFFERERS BY THE FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

## MORE RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION.

According to a telegram to the Richmond *Dispatch*, the President of the Chesapeake and Ohio has made a definite proposal to construct a line from Symmes Creek, opposite Huntington, the terminus of the Columbus and Ohio on the Ohio River, to Dayton, Ohio, a distance of 160 miles. Such a road would strike the heart of the Western network of railroads and would place Huntington within 400 miles of Chicago by way of the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central. Whether the Company may ultimately make still further efforts to control Southern commerce remains to be seen. It is very clear, however, that, having reached Lexington, Ky., a strong temptation is presented to extend their lines to McMinnville, Tenn., and make a short cut to Chattanooga, the future railway centre of the South. It seems reasonable to assume further, that, having by the above acquisition gained direct access to St. Louis, the Chesapeake and Ohio will lose no time in stretching its connections to the Pacific Railroad over the Eastern Division.

The Company is already entertaining schemes of extension calculated to give it important control over the transportation of the staples of the West and South. We learn from our Western exchanges that on the 30th ult., the President closed a contract with the direction of the Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington Railroad, by which that road comes virtually into the possession of the Chesapeake and Ohio. This line will establish, in connection with the C. & O. R. R., a direct line between the Atlantic cities and Louisville, St. Louis, Nashville, Memphis and New Orleans. It is not easy to over-estimate the importance of the acquisition of this feeder (earnestly competed for by the Pennsylvania Railroad) to the Chesapeake and Ohio. It will bring over the road a very important traffic in tobacco and cotton, and will, we doubt not, be found to contribute toward the building up of a vastly more important manufacturing interest in Virginia than is yet dreamed of. At the same time it carries the road into the heart of the West and gives it direct access to the large transportation between Cincinnati and the Atlantic.

It is apparent from this survey of the plans of the Company that the Chesapeake and Ohio is destined to become, at an early day, one of the most influential of our great trunk roads, commanding a traffic next in importance only to the New York Central or the Pennsylvania. Its President has displayed remarkable ability and forecast in securing connections with the road; and we do not doubt that a few years will show that he has been the first capitalist to really comprehend the extent of the mineral wealth of West Virginia, from which this road is destined to receive a traffic which alone will make a good return upon its capital. In fact, the rapidity with which this once comparatively neglected piece of road has risen to the first rank among our great lines has scarcely a parallel in the history of our railroads.

**LAST CHANCE.**—There are but a few days more left in which to purchase tickets in the Grand Gift Concert at Washington City, November 23d, for the benefit of the New York Foundling Asylum and Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home of Washington, D. C. This distribution of over \$200,000 worth of prizes will take place on the evening of the 23d, at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C.; and from the character and integrity of the managers of this enterprise everything will be conducted with fairness and satisfaction to the ticket-holders. A list of prizes will be found advertised in another column, and tickets can be obtained of the General Agent, P. C. Devlin, 31 Nassau Street, New York.

**In these days of kerosene accidents there is no subject of more interest to the community at large than the production and use of illuminating oils that may be relied upon as non-explosive. In view of the constant loss of life and property from unsafe oils, it affords us unusual pleasure to call attention to Denslow & Bush's Safety Oil. This oil stands a fire test upward of 150 degrees Fahrenheit, which renders it absolutely non-explosive, while the illuminating power is very much greater than that of common kerosene. The price of this oil is such that it affords a beautiful, brilliant, odorless and safe light, at a cost of one-half cent per hour. Those who use it speak in the highest terms of its excellence.**

**TEXAN** Liebig's Extract of Meat is an article of great utility, convenience and economy, in preparing Beef Tea, Soup, Gravy, etc. It is invaluable to all persons requiring nourishment, and is especially indispensable to invalids, as it can be made of that precise strength suited to the constitution of the patient. When we mention that one pound of this invaluable preparation represents forty-five pounds of prime beef, we have given a correct idea of its immense utility. Mr. Adolphus Young, of 194 William Street, New York, is Sole Agent for the Texan Extract.

**WATCH** No. 1081, Stem Winder—Bearing trade mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J."—manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me (since July) six months; its total variation from mean time being only three seconds per month.—JOHN D. EGBERT, Plainfield, N. J., 5 College Place, Room 8, New York; N. Y., January 5, 1871.

**Hagan's Magnolia Balm** makes a lady of 25 look as if she were but 18. It removes Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sallowness, etc., and in a few weeks changes the rustic face into one of culture and refinement. Then dress your hair with Lyon's Katharion, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—are perfect.

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This popular Cosmetic has long maintained (thirty-one years) a high and prominent place in public estimation, and in fashionable ladies' boudoirs, not alone for its extraordinary beautifying effects on the skin and complexion, removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, etc., but also the innocence and purity of its ingredients.

DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM has not been heralded by inflated advertisements, nor is it the creature of paid-for puffs; it stands on its merits alone, and with intelligent purchasers it is sought after in preference to the host of cheap and vile preparations flooding the market.

DR. GOURAUD is daily in receipt of Druggist orders from distant parts relating that ladies reside in their localities, and especially ladies traveling, who have used the article, and who have recommended it from one to another, are imploring said druggists to order some from Dr. G., and which they are ultimately obliged to do.

It is a well-established fact that the cupidity of many druggists prompts them to recommend an article to ladies, not from its intrinsic good qualities, but from the larger profits to be made on its sale. Dr. G. concedes that his margins are not as large as many merchants allow, nor does he intend they shall be. A truly valuable cosmetic, such as the Oriental Cream, will be prized, and the ladies will have it even if obliged to order it direct from Dr. G., at his only depot in New York, 48 Bond Street.

Philadelphia: Wholesale and retail depot, EVANS, 48 South Eighth Street, and leading druggists. Boston: GOODWIN & CO., and WEEKS & POTTER. Baltimore: THOMSEN, LILLY & CO.

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**C** Satins, Velvets, Velveteens, Silk Reps,  
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**E** We shall make a grand display, in our  
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Demi-Train Walking Skirts, \$1.50. Fine  
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**M** Merino and Fannel Underwear for Gents  
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Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home,  
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The Commissioners assure the public the Con-  
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Price in England. In the U. S.  
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There is scarcely any difference in the cost of  
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